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ARTS

ANDRE DERAIN: A REAPPRAISAL

*Essays by Alfred Werner
and Patrick Heron*

THE WINSTON COLLECTION

ARSHILE GORKY

By Robert Rosenblum

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ARTS

incorporating Arts Digest

Vol. 32, No. 4 / 75 cents

JANUARY 1958

CONTRIBUTORS



Robert Rosenblum, who contributes to this issue a study of the recently published *Arshile Gorky* by Ethel Schwabacher (the first full-scale monograph to be written on this American

painter), teaches in the Department of Art and Archaeology at Princeton University, and is currently giving a course on contemporary painting at Barnard College. His study of the distinct artistic personalities of "The Duchamp Family" appeared in the April, 1957, number.

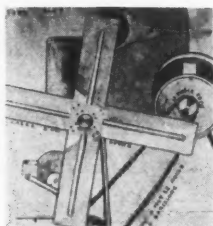
Alfred Werner contributes the first of two essays on *André Derain*. Dr. Werner wrote the introduction to the recently reprinted collection of discussions on art with Rodin (Rodin on Art and Artists, Philosophical Library). He is the author of the commentary on Rembrandt which appeared in the December ARTS.

Patrick Heron writes for this issue the second of the two essays on Derain. Mr. Heron, painter and critic, contributes ARTS's regular London letter.

Ulrich Weisstein, a member of the faculty of Lehigh University, most recently contributed a review of the Skira volume on Botticelli. He now writes on the William Blake exhibition held at the National Gallery in December.

Marius Bewley, who reviews *300 Years of American Painting* (Time, Inc.), is on the faculty of the Catholic University of America. He is the author of *The Complex Fate*, a book on American literature, and has written widely on art.

FORTHCOMING: Dr. Hugo Munsterberg reviews the exhibition of *Masterpieces of Korean Art*, which will be on view at the Metropolitan Museum . . . **Reuben Tam** is the subject of a critical profile by **Suzanne Burrey** . . . **Elaine Gottlieb** writes on the *Chagall* exhibition at the Modern Museum, and reviews volumes on his work recently published by Praeger and Abrams . . . paintings from the Whitney Museum's "Nature Abstracted" exhibition in color . . . a pictorial presentation of a rare display of *Eskimo art* in Toronto.



ON THE COVER

Detail from **Francis Picabia's** watercolor *Portrait of Marie Laurencin* (c. 1917). The portrait is part of the Winston Collection of Twentieth-Century Art, which is currently touring the country. Selections from the Winston Collection, with two in color, appear on pages 34-39 of this issue.

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LETTERS

NO GOLDEN CALVES

To the Editor:

As an artist who doesn't believe in worshipping false images, even when it comes to art, I found it indeed refreshing to read the calm, cool analysis of Picasso's work in the October ARTS. I continually run into artists who would like to pattern their very lives after the "Great One" and to whom the king can do no wrong when it comes to striking the canvas, whether blindfolded, under the influence, or standing on his head. The galleries and museums have done little to stop the Picasso stampede; indeed many have even built their own shrines . . .

Three cheers and a salute to Mr. Clement Greenberg.

Whitney Cushing
Palm Beach, Florida

THE MATISSE LETTER

To the Editor:

Your November editorial is certainly welcome, something the contemporary painting world needed—especially since there are a number of new art galleries, and some being organized co-operatively by potential artists, who might become good painters in possibly ten to twenty years. If one were to delve deeply into the works of Cézanne, Klee and Braque, one would find that these artists, just as Matisse, spent many years before they found their own poetic expression in pigment.

Shizuko Murakami
New York City

CHAGALL TO WERNER

Dear Werner,

Your articles on the Bible [ARTS, September] and at the time of my anniversary bring back to me our meeting in America, ten years ago now. In spite of my delay, I wish to thank you for your attention and for your penetrating and subtle articles on my work. It was a pleasure to read them, and I want to tell you how much I appreciated them. [Translated.]

Cordially yours,

Marc Chagall
Vence, Alpes-Maritimes
France

ARTS YEARBOOK 1

To the Editor:

Since receiving your new Annual I've been wanting to write to you and offer my congratulations. It seems to me a first-rate job, handsome in appearance and meaty in content. It reflects an intelligent and non-snobbish editorial direction, which is mighty rare these days. More and more I have noticed the growth and improvement of ARTS, and I should like to send my congratulations and best wishes for continued success.

Maynard Walker
New York City

THE ART OF SCULPTURE

requires diligence and skill, as in this brass and marble sculpture, *Homo Nascendus* (The Birth of Man), by *Koni*, whose works were recently featured in one-man exhibitions at the Washington County Museum and the Birmingham Museum of Art.



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To the Editor:

Thank you for sending me a copy of ARTS YEARBOOK I. May I tell you how pleased and impressed I was by it. It seems to me highly interesting, with much unhackneyed material and fresh editorial invention.

My congratulations to you and Mr. Kramer.

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Museum of Modern Art
New York City

P.S. Thank you for not bleeding the reproductions of paintings!

To the Editor:

... compliment you on the new publication, ARTS YEARBOOK, which I have truly enjoyed. The reproductions are unusually good, and the superb binding facilitates both the reading of a magazine of such dimensions and the ultimate placing of it in library records.

Germain Seligman
New York City

RIIS PHOTOGRAPH

To the Editor:

I am writing to call to your attention an error in the credit line appearing beneath the photograph taken by Jacob A. Riis about 1895 and reproduced on page 55 of ARTS YEARBOOK I. Credit is erroneously given to the New York Historical Society, instead of to the Museum of the City of New York, the owner of Jacob A. Riis's original negatives. Your reproduction was made from a photograph (Riis No. 346) made from one of these negatives, and sent out to you last June. The Jacob A. Riis Collection is one of the outstanding assets of our Print Department, and his photographs have gone around the world bearing our credit line . . .

Grace M. Mayer
Curator of Prints
Museum of the City of New York

CORRECTION

To the Editor:

Mr. Clement Greenberg's comments on Arnold Friedman in the catalogue of our recent Friedman exhibition were not, as stated in your Contributors Column in the December issue, written for the recent show, but were, rather, extracted with the author's permission from the introduction to the catalogue of the Friedman Memorial Exhibition at the George Walter Vincent Smith Art Gallery in Springfield, Massachusetts, which was held in April, 1947.

Virginia M. Zabriskie
New York City

THEFT REPORTED

To the Editor:

The Meltzer Gallery wishes to report the theft of a green portfolio containing eleven recent drawings, gouaches and oils on paper by Louis Bunce on Wednesday, November 6. Information concerning whereabouts will be appreciated.

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AUCTIONS

MODERN EUROPEAN MASTERS TO FIGURE IN IMPORTANT SALE AT PARKE-BERNET

ONE of the major sales of the current season will shortly feature paintings, drawings and prints by internationally renowned artists of the past hundred years. On Wednesday evening, January 15, at 8:00 p.m., works from the collection of Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy, New York and California, will be dispersed at public auction at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York.

Figuring in the sale will be a number of Renoirs, among them the paintings *Pommes et Citron* and *Le Petit Berard*. Boudin contributes *Bassin de l'Eure*, Pissarro *La Vigne* and Vuillard *La Mère du Peintre* and *Intérieur*. Among the more recent artists are Modigliani, with *Mme Hebuterne* and *L'Acteur Gaston Modot*; Picasso, with *Femme aux Bas Bleus* and *Cirque Medrano*; Utrillo, with *Rue à Sannois*; Kirchner, with *Mountain Slope with Yellow Trees* and *Sunday in the Alps*; and Jawlensky, with *Head No. 1* and *Grüne Bäume*. There are also works by Cézanne, Fantin-Latour, Vlaminck, De Chirico, Rouault, Klee, Kisling and Tamayo.

Drawings include Seurat's *Maison Hantée* and examples by Gauguin, Rouault and Miró. The sculpture category presents a group of Pre-Columbian pieces, two bronzes by Daumier and two terra cottas by Rodin. Among the prints are examples by Toulouse-Lautrec, Degas and Gauguin.

The paintings, drawings, prints and sculpture will all be on exhibition at the Parke-Bernet Galleries starting Saturday, January 11.

AUCTION CALENDAR

January 3 & 4, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French, English, Italian and Biedermeier furniture; porcelain services and cabinet pieces; *bronze doré* tôle; crystal, faïence and other decorative objects. Consigned by Jarvis House, New York. Exhibition from December 27.

January 9, 10 & 11, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English and other furniture; Oriental Lowestoft porcelain; Georgian and other silver; Chelsea, Rockingham and other old porcelains; upholstery textiles, Oriental and other rugs. Sold by order of the executors of the late Cornelius F. Kelley, Manhasset, Long Island, Mary T. Cudahy, New York, and David Zork, Chicago. Exhibition from January 4.

January 15, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Important modern paintings, drawings and prints, as well as a group of Pre-Columbian and other sculptures. From the collection of Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy, New York and California. (For details see story above.) Exhibition from January 11.

January 16, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Valuable furs, from Molot, Inc., sold by order of attorney. Exhibition from January 11.

January 17 & 18, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French and Italian furniture; bric-a-brac and decorations; from a New York estate and other owners. Exhibition from January 11.

January 22, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Valuable precious-stone and other jewelry, furs; property collected by the late Cora Timken Burnett and from the estate of Aimee S. Gugenheim. Exhibition from January 17.

January 24 & 25, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English and other furniture and decorations, including property of Mrs. Herbert N. Straus, New York, and Walter P. Chrysler, Jr.

January 28, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Historical and other autographs collected by Albert F. Madlener, Chicago. Exhibition from January 18.

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PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



Lee Nordness



Harry Manis



Meyrie R. Rogers

Mr. Lee Nordness (above), sponsor of the "Art: USA: 58" exhibition of contemporary American paintings and sculptures to be held in Madison Square Garden, has announced completion of the six-member jury panel. Stewart Klonis, executive director of the Art Students League, will serve as chairman of the jury, which will be comprised of painters George L. K. Morris, Ogden M. Pleissner, Adolph Gottlieb, the sculptor William Zorach and publisher Jonathan Marshall. Prize money is expected to exceed \$7,000 in the exhibition, which will be held from January 17 through January 26.

A first prize of \$100 has been awarded to Harry Manis (above) for his painting *Three Bathers* in the annual painting contest for merchant sailors sponsored by the Seamen's Church Institute. Second and third prizes went to Edouard Mace and P. Le Garles. The contest paintings will be on view at the Institute, 25 South Street, in New York City, through January 15.

Top prize winners in the Southeastern Annual Exhibition held recently in Atlanta, Georgia, were Syd Solomon and Joseph Schwarz, who received purchase awards of \$750 and \$250 respectively. The Atlanta Art Association presented the exhibitions, juried by Emily Genauer and Ernest Fiene.

NEWS NOTES

Announcement has recently been made of an important award available to art students. The National Academy of Design is offering a Pulitzer Traveling Scholarship of \$1,500 to be awarded to an art student in the United States between fifteen and thirty years of age and currently enrolled in any accredited U. S. art school. Students must submit for jury consideration a representative group of work in one medium only. Entry blanks are due on March 25, 1958, and work will be received on March 31, 1958. For entry blanks write: Vernon C. Porter, Director, National Academy of De-

Meyrie R. Rogers (above), Curator of Decorative Arts and Industrial Arts at the Art Institute of Chicago for the past eighteen years, has been appointed Curator of the Garvan and Related Collections at the Yale University Art Gallery. A leading authority in the field of American decorative arts, Mr. Rogers will be concerned with the organization and classification of the collections for use in teaching and research. His appointment becomes effective July 1, 1958.

In Connecticut, Alan Tompkins, painter, designer and educator, has been appointed director of the Hartford Art School of the University of Hartford, where he has been an instructor and assistant director since 1952. A graduate of Columbia and Yale, Mr. Tompkins has painted murals and numerous portraits, has illustrated books and exhibited widely. He is a member of the Connecticut Academy and the Connecticut Watercolor Society.

Nineteen Wisconsin artists were awarded prizes totaling approximately \$1,200 for works exhibited in the "Twenty-third Wisconsin Salon of Art" held last month in Madison. Three works selected as "most outstanding in the show" were Jack Madison's *Sunflowers*, Leo Steppat's *Rearing Stallion* and Arthur Thrall's *Structures . . . '56*.

sign, 1083 Fifth Avenue, New York 28, New York.

Eleven new exhibitions not previously announced have been added to the American Federation of Arts' traveling exhibition program. Among them are two exhibitions of Italian artists, "Twelve Years of Italian Painting: 1945-1957" and "Manzù and Morandi"; "German Expressionist Works" collected by Richard L. Feigen; "A Hundred Years Ago," comprised of American genre paintings; and "Collage in America," representing contemporary Americans.

The Philadelphia Museum recently opened its new **Oriental Wing** to house four rare architectural treasures transported from China and Japan. These architectural features comprise a Japanese ceremonial tea house, a Japanese temple, a Chinese scholar's study

and a Chinese temple hall. Porcelains, crystals, jades and other Oriental art objects are displayed in the units. Authorities believe that the new installations constitute the most important assemblage of Oriental architectural elements to be housed in one museum.

OBITUARIES

Diego Rivera, the Mexican painter, died in Mexico City on November 25. He was seventy years old. A painter who turned his back on Cubism and other abstract art, which he saw as a student in Paris, Señor Rivera chose to devote his fresco murals to championing the working classes. His work appears on public walls in, among other cities, Mexico City, Los Angeles and Detroit. He leaves a large estate that includes a collection of Pre-Columbian Indian art, for which he built a museum-temple.

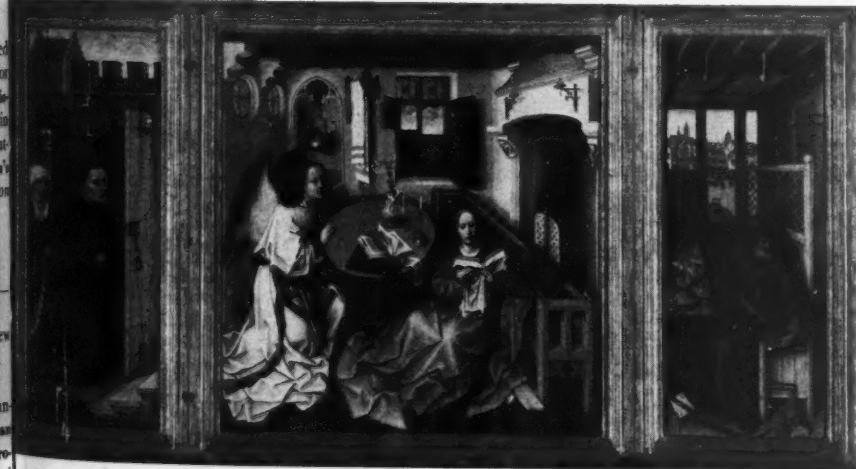
Francis Henry Taylor, director of the Worcester Art Museum, died in Worcester, Massachusetts, on November 22. Mr. Taylor, who had undergone surgery earlier in the week, was fifty-four. From 1939 to 1954, he served as director of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art; during his directorship, membership and endowment at the Metropolitan were more than doubled, and the museum's buildings were renovated. A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, he studied in Europe and at the Princeton Graduate School on a Carnegie Fellowship. After he left the Metropolitan in 1954, Mr. Taylor continued to serve as director emeritus and special consultant to the trustees. He is the

author of *The Taste of Angels, Fifty Centuries of Art* and *Pierpont Morgan as Collector and Patron*.

Margaret Lowengrund, artist and lithographer, died at the age of fifty-five on November 20 in New York City following a long illness. Mrs. Lowengrund was well known as director of the Contemporaries Gallery, and her own work has been widely exhibited here and in Britain.

Edward M. Bratter, Secretary and Counsel of the Art Digest, Inc., died suddenly of a heart attack on November 26. For the last four and a half years Mr. Bratter had been a member of the Board of Directors of this magazine and gave unstintingly of his time and advice in reorganizing and helping to build ARTS. Mr. Bratter was a collector of Oriental art and was particularly interested in Japanese gardens, about which he published several articles. He was a director of the Columbia University Alumni Fund, former president of the Westchester Jewish Community Services, and active in numerous philanthropic causes. Mr. Bratter was a senior partner in the law firm of Marshall, Bratter, Green, Allison and Tucker.

NEW ACQUISITIONS



The Metropolitan Museum of Art has recently installed at the Cloisters its newly acquired fifteenth-century **Merode Altarpiece** by the Master of Flemalle. The Merode Altarpiece is universally known in the art world for its own exquisite quality and for its great significance in the transition from the medieval to the Renaissance spirit in Western painting. Purchased in Bruges in 1820 by the Prince d'Arenberg, the triptych was later inherited by the Merode family. The work, which has remained in superlative condition, has not been accessible to the public for many years, though it has been illustrated frequently and has been known through secondary copies.

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SPECTRUM

LAST month space was so scarce that we decided to give this column and columnist a vacation—or to put it more simply, we could not find a free page anywhere. Although it is no longer current, I do want to discuss a recent trip and a few of the very interesting people that I met. During the fall I visited the Deep South after a long absence and then worked my way up the coast. But before going further, I must report that this Yankee discovered what is meant by "Southern hospitality." In fact, in Athens, Georgia, I finally found a place to rival Houston, Texas, as the city most likely to exhaust a visitor with friendship.

I began the trip by flying down to Greenville, South Carolina, where I gave a lecture at the Bob Jones University. This evangelical school is one of the most unusual educational institutions in the country, but I was particularly interested in its museum of religious art. The varied collection, primarily covering the Renaissance period, will be the subject of an article in one of our spring issues.

My next stop was Athens, where the University of Georgia is located, a beautiful tree-studded city with many fine examples of Greek-revival Southern architecture still preserved. I will discuss this part of the trip in more detail later. From here I went to the High Museum in Atlanta and spent the day with Reginald Poland and his staff. I was impressed by the many fine examples of American painting which proved to me once again that museums with limited budgets can organize excellent permanent collections in this field.

For some time I had looked forward to a visit to the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond, which has perhaps the largest membership, in proportion to city population, of any American museum. This is due partly to the varied programs put on by the museum, which include drama, music and dance in addition to art. It is also due to the effective public relations work of the staff and the famous Artmobile which tours the state, bringing art to every village and hamlet. Director Leslie Cheek has achieved fame for his novel and striking displays of a varied collection which ranges from ancient to modern times. Music is piped through the museum, stereopticons are used with historical texts to acquaint visitors with background information as they enter galleries, and special lighting effects are used to dramatize displays.

As always, I had a wonderful time in Baltimore, which has one of the best-conducted museums in the country. I talked on collecting to an alert group of museum members and then visited the magnificent new Cone Wing, which is a model of museum architecture, a place in which art can be enjoyed in comfort and at leisure.

In Washington I visited the fine Blake show at the National Gallery (see page 42), and then went to the Smithsonian for a visit to the National Collection of Fine Arts, which is too little known by the general public. Unfortunately, part of the collection was being rehung, and I saw only a small segment of the thousands of works, which range from drab clichés by forgotten second-raters to outstanding examples by America's greatest artists. From what I could see, the works are unimaginatively hung in overcrowded, dingy rooms, and installation funds must be almost nil. I was particularly disturbed by the condition of many of the paintings, including one of the nation's largest collections of works by Albert Ryder. Many exceptional paintings in the collection were badly in need of cleaning, and many were cracking and flaking so badly that their future is in serious jeopardy. The condition of this collection is indeed so bad as to constitute a national scandal,

and unless Congress awakens quickly to the danger, many great works of art will vanish from our heritage.

I have saved Athens and the University of Georgia for last so that I can devote some space to two remarkable and vigorous men—Lamar Dodd and Alfred Holbrook. But before doing so I want to mention briefly two members of the faculty whom I found as stimulating and progressive as any art teachers that I have met. I had an enjoyable breakfast, my only free time, with Howard and Mary Thomas, both of whom paint with great originality. Thomas is a philosopher who approaches his teaching with warmth and insight toward his students. The other faculty member who particularly impressed me was Edwin M. Briethaupt, Jr., who has been one of the leaders in creating the University's "Basic Art Course." Sitting through his class is an exciting, dynamic experience.

Lamar Dodd, who heads the Art Department, has a reputation which extends throughout the art world. Youthful-looking despite his white hair, Dodd is a human dynamo whose former pupils now head art departments in many other schools. He is one of the rare people who are always able to take on additional activities; this despite his being the leading figure in the regional art world. His activities fall within such varied organizations as the College Art Association, the Southeastern Art Association and the Audubon Artists, to name but a few, and his paintings have been shown in major museums, including the Philbrook, Herron, Santa Barbara, Dayton and Delgado, not to mention regular exhibitions at the Grand Central Moderns in New York.

Not content to rest on his numerous laurels, Lamar Dodd is constantly searching for new projects and ideas. One of these is the "Basic Art Course" mentioned above, which is designed to break down student inhibitions and to train students to observe. The techniques seem to combine those of a drill sergeant, traditional art education and psychology. The result is the developing of an ability to visualize in various dimensions and to convert perceptual images into terms of materials that are used.

One of Lamar Dodd's most loyal supporters, and a former student, is Alfred Holbrook. This octogenarian museum director closed his New York law office some thirteen years ago and moved South to retire, but he seems to have found the secret of youth in his contact with students and the challenge of creating a fine museum on the University Campus. He is now one of Athens' most distinguished and popular citizens.

On moving to Georgia, Alfred Holbrook enrolled as an Art student and soon convinced University officials to support his plans for a museum. His next step was to return to New York, where he studied museum management at New York University. Three years later he returned to Athens with his collection of over two hundred paintings, which were housed in the old library. However, Alfred Holbrook was not satisfied with this modest beginning and has continued to collect wisely and well. Primarily his collection is composed of twentieth-century American paintings, but there are also excellent examples of European and Asian art. In addition to showing paintings in Athens, Alfred Holbrook has constituted himself a one-man Artmobile and has taken his pictures around the state, giving lectures. One of the most pleasant afternoons of my trip was spent at a reception at the beautiful new University Museum of Art, which formally opens this winter. The museum is in effect a merited tribute to Lamar Dodd and Alfred Holbrook, who have done so much to stimulate interest and raise art standards in the South.

—J.M.

KURT ROESCH

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BOOKS

Three Hundred Years of American Painting
by Alexander Eliot. Introduction by John Walker.
Time Incorporated. \$13.50.

MR. ELIOT is the art editor of *Time*, but he is only the author of this book. We are told that it also had a Managing Editor, Assistant Managing Editor, Senior Editor, Associate Editor, Art Director, four Research Assistants, and five Production Assistants. "Working closely with this editorial staff were *Time's* foreign and domestic correspondents, production department, and copy desk." It is easy to imagine the long series of conferences, gripped in a sense of destiny, that must have taken place as this great effort moved irresistibly toward its deadline. Under the direction of this General Staff, the voice that finally issues from behind the machine-made death mask of the *Time* style is somewhat lacking in personal inflection:

A burly, bearded individual out of Cody, Wyoming, Pollock . . .
A tall, taut Philadelphia society girl, Cassatt . . .
A heavy, hearty, and hard-riding man was Frederic Remington . . .
A spindly, sharp-beaked, draggled-feathered crow of a man, Marin . . .
Poised, bearded, and birdlike, Graves . . .
A small-bodied, high-domed, ailing, touchy, idealistic prodigy, Bingham . . .
A big, rawboned man with heavy hands and level blue eyes, Kuhn . . .

The dust jacket tells us that Mr. Eliot in his official capacity on *Time* "for the past twelve years . . . has enjoyed the unique opportunity of meeting and talking with virtually all of America's leading contemporary painters." We should expect to find, then, his eye for the salient physical feature matched by deeper insights into character. Such is the case:

Sheeler will not refuse a walk in the sun, or a sociable Martini, but his apparent serenity has a honed edge, and his mind is on his work.
Kuniyoshi masked himself in a pork-pie hat, bulldog pipe, and horn-rimmed spectacles, yet never denied the gloom within. Judging by *Pompeii*, Baziotis was probably in a glum state about the time it was painted.

These quotations fairly represent the nature of the information and style on every page: anecdotes, alliterated adjectives, the deeper insight, served up like hors d'oeuvres to help us take the suitably diluted drink of art.

Mr. Eliot specializes in the anecdotes and the amusing story, but his method is a watered-down version of Van Wyck Brooks' rather than of Vasari's. The gossip finally ends in a pattern, and out of the apparent casualness we take a direction. It is difficult to define this direction succinctly, but I suppose we might say that behind us (when we're on our way at last) lies the varied richness of our great American heritage, focusing in visions of a reconstructed Williamsburg with costumed citizens, while before us lies some golden Williamsburg of the future,

to be built with millions yet unmade. The shortest distance between these two cities is the road of Realism, which the American painter leaves at his peril. "For change and progress are the stuff of life," writes Mr. Eliot in his two concluding sentences, "especially in America. And life itself, especially in America, is the heart and soul of painting." Mr. Eliot does not specify what the heart of painting is elsewhere. We have come across "the stuff of life" before in Q's *Oxford Book of English Prose*. It is a dark and winding phrase, but here it means Realism. What Mr. Eliot means by Realism I shall attempt to discover later.

Before doing so I should like to consider the first half of *Three Hundred Years of American Painting* separately. These are the pages in which, in books on American literary and cultural history showing a bias like the present one, it becomes necessary to glamorize the American past: to show that although the moated grange and the belted knight were absent from the scene, America was rich in romantic overtones and offered multiple possibilities of subject matter to the American artist. This is most easily done by ignoring the essential nature of the creative problem confronting the nineteenth-century American artist, whether painter or writer, and staging a circus or pageant. Mr. Eliot gives us a Wild West show. My admiration for the work of Audubon and Catlin is possibly as great as Mr. Eliot's, though I should hesitate to speak of an "Artists on Horseback" school of painting. But their problems were private in a way that the problems of artists sharing in the community of a central tradition are not. In a book in which as interesting a painter as William Sidney Mount, who certainly is in the central tradition, and who looks forward to one of Mr. Eliot's own favorite painters, Andrew Wyeth, is given a half-page of text and one reproduction, the full-scale treatment Mr. Eliot gives to painters of cowboys and Indians betrays the irresponsible character of this whole undertaking. One is scarcely surprised to observe that Frederic Remington is given more space than Whistler and almost as much as Sargent. Mr. Eliot's book makes it clear that he prefers hearty, hard-riding men, and Remington, as he happily tells us, weighed well over two hundred pounds (three hundred by the time the horses refused to carry him any longer), and was a friend of Theodore Roosevelt's. Perhaps it is pointless to cavil.

Mr. Eliot does not attempt to correlate the Romanticism that allures him with the Realism that he recommends, and in which he finds the central tradition of American painting. I am not quite sure what Mr. Eliot means by Realism because he nowhere illuminates the word by sustained analysis or tight definition. It sometimes almost appears to be one of those deep things that men feel but don't talk about. I suppose the chapter on George Inness, Winslow Homer, Thomas Eakins and Ryder is the heart of Mr. Eliot's discussion of Realism, but we are given nothing more sharply focused than this:

To Inness reality meant a mingling of nature with his own emotions. . . . Winslow Homer had a colder eye: he saw reality as

a struggle in which the great forces of nature stood to win. Thomas Eakins looked into the hearts of men, and to him the deepest reality consisted of their valiant strivings. Albert Pinkham Ryder gazed into his own heart, finding reality in the form of visions bedded there. Among them, the four quadrangulate the American spirit: romantic and realistic by turns, deeply engaged in life, yet deeply visionary.

The American spirit has no corners if this constitutes quadrangulation. These generalizations, which are not redeemed by anything that follows, are true enough no doubt, but only because they don't carry enough meaning (with the possible exception of the observation on Winslow Homer) to bear contradiction. As they stand, they could be reshifted among themselves and no painter would be the loser and no reader the wiser. It would be interesting to learn of a school of painters anywhere whose work does not represent, in one way or another, a fusion of nature and emotion. A snapshot taken by a robot is the only exception I can think of.

Mr. Eliot is, in fact, an Impressionistic critic of an old-fashioned sort: "Looking at Gottlieb's *Blue at Noon* is rather like watching a snowstorm through a windowpane and remembering Thomas Nash's line: 'Brightness falls from the air.'" Or again: "Sometimes, when his refinement compensated for his lack of force, Dove's art could be as poignant as the haunting cry of a distant bird." She might not have been up to the pun, but otherwise one is reminded of Harriet Monroe and her "elucidations" of difficult modern verse in the twenties.

The "Abstract Expressionism" of contemporary Manhattan presents special difficulties that Mr. Eliot meets in a poetic vein: "Like a headland dimly perceived through fog and spray, it looms indistinct . . ." As far as I am able to make out from Mr. Eliot's comments, desultorily ranging from Rothko and Motherwell to Willem de Kooning, "amiable and eagle-eyed," Abstract Expressionism is a concentrated portrayal of intensely subjective emotions freed from conventional forms and iconography. As I have indicated, rigor of definition is not Mr. Eliot's strong point, but he is no coward: "The general formula of the whole abstract expressionist movement . . . might have been drawn from the military strategy of Von Clausewitz: to concentrate the greatest possible amount of force on the smallest possible point. The point is merely to mirror the artist's emotions of the moment."

So far from this being the case, it seems probable that the movement, following in the general direction of some modern Symbolist writing, is an attempt to push the work of art entirely beyond the control of the artist's personality into a realm of pure autonomy where it will no longer be subjected to the violations and denials that threaten the integrity of identity itself in the modern world. Certainly, some of the artists' comments that Mr. Eliot quotes to a different purpose suggest this. For example, he quotes James Brooks: "My painting starts with a complication on the canvas surface, done with as much spontaneity and as little memory as possible. It demands a long period of acquaintance.

continued on page 66

PARIS

The canvases in Gris's studio at his death . . . his "deductive method" in practice . . . two Fautrier retrospectives . . . an authentic talent in Martin Barre's work . . . the controversial Seurat exhibition

BY ANNETTE MICHELSON

IT IS NOW thirty years since Juan Gris died, and Mr. Daniel Henry Kahnweiler, in another affectionately commemorative gesture, has organized an exhibition of twenty-two canvases from the artist's studio in Boulogne. They are, with only two exceptions (*Woman*, 1926, and *Woman with Basket*, 1927), still lifes, and constitute a rich and somewhat problematic find.

If the difficult adjustment of the beholder's taste to the painter's sensibility can be said to constitute the most rewarding aspect of visual experience, these paintings—to put it mildly—invite one to a lively dialogue. Gris's rigor has the immediate moral radiance of immaculate virtue, but one feels from the outset that one's eventual pleasure is going to be the fruit of conviction, and one remembers, with a sigh and no surprise, the names of Gris's favorite painters, or some of them at least: Philippe de Champaigne, the Le Nain brothers, the School of Fontainebleau.

These compositions are mostly small in size, somewhat too small—crowded, in fact. Reproduction annihilates the factor of scale and enhances them; writing, as I now do, with only photographs beside me, I find them more seductive than the works on the gallery walls. This, to begin with, is slightly troubling. The charming and familiar Cubist repertory (goblet, guitar, fruit dish, violin) is manipulated in every work with an insistent sobriety that subordinates or muffles all its most striking effects in the interests of a general architecture, and that is as it should be. In *Violin in front of Open Window* (1926), the outline of the mountains in the picture (is it a picture?) hanging on the wall is prolonged, in a fashion typical of these late works, beyond the frame into the lines of the cloth which envelops the objects on the table. Or again, another section of that mountain's outline is used to define the neck of the jug. But the sudden introduction of visual ambiguity and wit is felt as an intrusion, and is then instantly modified, if not contradicted for us, by a strictness of drawing which is cursory.

This is articulate, meditative painting, and Gris was an articulate and meditative man. We know that he conceived of his art as "deductive." What, really, did he mean? Mr. Kahnweiler, in one particularly stimulating passage of his very thorough study,* observes that the fond and meticulous observation of the external world, developing and accelerating from the Renaissance until roughly 1850, culminated in a historiographic painting, eventually provoking, once the wheel had come full cycle, a re-situating of the "object" within the artist's imagination. The resulting style, Synthetic Cubism, reverts to a tradition of medieval, rather than nineteenth-century, Realism; the primacy of the object as perceived is replaced by that of its idea. In a chapter that might be entitled "The Return to Realism" or "Plato's Revenge," Gris, whose maturity coincides with the transition from Analytic to Synthetic Cubism, is drafted into the service of an emblematic, anti-nominalist painting.

THE ISSUE for Gris was, however, not the primacy of the conceptualized object, but its eventual, efficient use through a "deductive method." By this he meant "the suggestion of

certain pictorial relationships among colored forms, of certain particular relationships among the elements of an imaginary reality. Pictorial mathematics leads me to physical representation. The quality or dimension of a form or color suggests the denomination or adjective of an object. I therefore never know in advance what aspect of an object is to be depicted. When I particularize plastic relationships to the point of representing objects, I do so in order to avoid the spectator's doing it himself, so that the ensemble of colored forms will not suggest a reality I myself have not foreseen. To paint is to foresee, to foresee what will happen in the painting as a whole, through the introduction of particular forms or colors; it means foreseeing the reality that may be suggested to the beholder. Consequently, by acting as my own spectator, I arrive at my subject."†

What Mr. Kahnweiler takes, therefore, for a quasi-neo-Platonic Realism is, to Gris, a preventive strategy, a check imposed upon our imaginative or associative powers. It is a final attempt to delimit the visual experience, to define the relationship of the formal, visual ensemble to the framework of "given reality." Realizing the nature of the misunderstanding, I begin to see why I cannot quite feel with Mr. Kahnweiler that these exemplary works represent the best of Gris and the best of Cubism.

It is as though the caution and compromise implicit in the safety device involve an initial dissociation of form and object and a consequent involuntary and irreparable gap between them. The result betrays the timidity of the strategy, the poverty of its economy. In works such as *Woman with Basket*, the human figure (for reasons which would have to be discussed in more detail) seems particularly refractory to the freedom-within-limits of this treatment. But the obvious, amusingly telltale sign of the gap comes, however, in passages (and their frequency in these late works gives them the aspect of

†"Notes sur Ma Peinture" (*Der Querschnitt*, Frankfurt am Main, Summer 1923).

Juan Gris, GUITARE ET COMPOTIER; at Galerie Louise Leiris.



a leitmotif) in which the black lines representing printing on the pages of an open book are precisely restricted to their "emblematic" or schematic function, insufficiently integrated (as in *Guitar and Fruit Dish*) into the movement and design of the canvas as a whole. For Mr. Kahnweiler, they may have the resonance (a fusion of form and symbol) of the wavy lines traditionally used, in medieval mosaic and painting, to represent the River Jordan, but the actual formal dissidence between these straight black lines and the book, and consequently between that book and the rest of the canvas, sets one thinking irreverently of the hieroglyphics of the comic strip. There has been a falling-off of plastic intention, a relaxing of tension in drawing and design, and the result is a shock.

IF I CHOOSE to speak of this, rather than of the many solved problems, the dozens of inventions and felicities of every order, it is partly because these paintings, though admirable where they succeed, are fascinating where they fail. But I do so also because the problems raised are re-echoed, in a less Apollonian register, in the two Fautrier retrospectives—one of paintings, another of gouaches and drawings—now on view at the Galerie de la Rive Droite and at André Schoeller's very handsome new gallery.

We have, to begin with, over forty paintings, most of them very recent, supplemented by a sampling of works which had been exhibited, after a long silence, in 1943 and 1944. A very few, rarely exhibited works date from 1928 and 1929, and in them (in *Pears and Forests*, subtle and fluid in color and line, at a far remove from the Fautrier we know best) one gets a glimpse of a development, sometimes parallel, sometimes simultaneous, of the use of large areas of thick, heavy-textured paint and the calligraphic ease which were to fuse, first in the famous *Hostages* show of 1943 and then in the *Objects* of 1955. In works like *Coffee Grinder* and *Tin Cans*, these areas of uneven, grainy, bubbly paint were disposed in rough, rectangular areas of varying shapes and sizes, defined by the slight rise in surface at the edges of an area, or by differences, minimal but effective, of thickness and texture. Half enclosing them, eccentrically superimposed, were the lightly, swiftly drawn "frames," suggesting the shape of the object, its form, that which matter "becomes." They slip sideways, as Mr. Heron remarks of Bacon's "glass cages," but unlike these cages, their symbolic function (the suggestion of form or idea organizing mat-

*Juan Gris: *Sa Vie, Son Oeuvre, Ses Ecrits* (Gallimard, Paris, 1946).

ter into object) fuses with their plastic function, relating the painted areas both to the surface and the edges of the canvas. The asymmetry of their relationship—the lack of coincidence—is pathetic in intent, and this intense, aggressive pathos is complemented, commented upon but not annulled, by that deceptively pleasant color for which Fautrier is occasionally rebuked. In *Little Geometry in Colors*, it is the color which talks about Euclid. In *Head of a Partisan*, one of a series done after the Budapest uprising, the warm and subtle colors (pinks, for example) are almost a deliberate, indirect irony about bloodshed, underlining the now painfully ironic use of the inscription taken from the Aragon text, once quoted "straight"—in 1943.

The modest character of Fautrier's success and Juan Gris's partial failure testify to the difficulty of a problem happily unknown to Chardin, anticipated by Cézanne.

WITH the season now almost at its height, it is naturally difficult to choose one's subjects, but putting aside, for the moment, the rainy *Verticals* of Van Haardt (at Iris Clert's), the relative tameness of Dubuis (Braque-cum-Poliakoff at Craven), the rather troubling and interesting Charchoune retrospective at the Galerie J. de Chaudun, and even the two Poliakoff shows (at Creuzevault and Berggruen), I do feel that the current exhibition by Martin Barré at the Galerie Arnaud suggests such sure and rapid growth of an independent and authentic talent, that I wish to speak, if only briefly, especially of it. Barré is a young Nantais who has been showing in Paris since 1954. His first very personal efforts centered about the study of the white canvas space and the development of a style, or better still, of an economy which would permit him to demonstrate the possibilities of dynamic relations between active and residual space. In a series of canvases, remarkable for their rigor and immediate mastery (Barré is thirty-two), he organized a careful incursion into the white of the canvas, incising and inflecting it, using a series of sparsely scattered, small and beautifully related rectangular black, gray, red and earth-colored areas, obtaining, through their economical distribution and through the use of small, interconnecting crochet-like forms, an articulation of the canvas surface which might delight a Cézanne or a Mondrian. This incursion accomplished, he has now gone on to reinforce his rhythms, strengthen the articulation, through the use of stronger, more spacious and aggressive forms, into a more excitingly dynamic and playful movement about the canvas. An inherent nervousness of movement and the somewhat jazzy counterpoint (between horizontals and verticals, empty and filled spaces, receding and projecting areas on the flat canvas surface) are tempered by a serene and watchful strictness. Barré is an Apollonian among our younger painters, and one is not overly surprised—or not for long—to come across a small painting in the current Seurat exhibition at the Musée Jacquemart-André, the *Suburban Factory*, which sets one thinking of the canvases now on view at Arnaud.

Of the Seurat show itself, I cannot now say much, except that it is—incredibly—the very first one ever to be held in a French museum, that it is composed of twenty-four paintings and sixty-six drawings whose qualities of power, integrity and finesse are absolute, that not one large or major canvas has been made available for it, and that the organizers (Messieurs Georges Wildenstein and Jean-Gabriel Domergue) have been sharply scolded, as indeed they deserve to be; they did not, apparently, consider it necessary to publish a catalogue exceeding four pages in length and including dates of execution, present ownership and other relevant information.

GOTTLIEB

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Painters of the Younger Generation

LONDON

The American presence in European art . . . the Pollock generation without successors? . . . "Eight American Artists" at the Institute of Contemporary Arts . . . formal intuitions shared by Tobey, Wynter and César . . . paintings by Martin Bradley . . . a Permeke retrospective . . .

BY PATRICK HERON

FIVE years ago the idea of going out of your way to look at an exhibition of modern American painting or sculpture would have seemed a waste of time to anyone over here who was seriously involved in the arts. Roughly speaking, "American painting" to us then meant provincial painting which, if abstract, would be thin and theoretical; and, if figurative, would be found to be a watered-down adaptation of a European idiom applied to the figuration of a subject matter which would be essentially alien to it. Figurative painting cannot be transplanted, it always seems to me, because its typical forms, colors and textures have grown out of a particular subject matter. The wine glass and carafe painted by Chardin, Cézanne or Braque have become such rich pictorial facts in the canvases of those painters precisely because these objects have been part of the constant setting in which French painters have lived for more than two hundred years. Each successive generation of French painters has changed the pictorial image, while accepting the commonplace reality, to which that image relates, unchanged. But an object only remains unchanged in its own setting. Removed as far as London, a French carafe is already a slightly unreal object. But American figurative painters have had to cope with objects, with a landscape, and with a quality of light, that have never provided the raw material, the visual stimuli, for great painters in the past. This is possibly an insuperable drawback—and one reason, perhaps, why your nonfigurative painters were driven to such brilliant and far-reaching innovations.

Anyway, the fact is that our attitude of indifference to American art came to an abrupt end in January, 1956; and it was the contents of a single room at the Tate Gallery that did the trick—a mere canvas or two apiece by Rothko, Still, De Kooning, Tobey, Pollock, Motherwell and Kline, principally. Today the names I have just written will crop up in conversations between painters in England with the same frequency as, let us say, those of De Staël, Manessier, Soulages or Hartung. For the time being, therefore, America is present in our consciousness with the same force and frequency as Paris. Yet I say "for the time being." Already at the back of one's mind lies the suggestion that this remarkable incursion of transatlantic influence is virtually over; already one tends to believe that the American painters just named are an isolated generation. There is, in my mind at least, no doubt whatsoever that these six or seven Americans have made history not only by virtue of their own works' inherent value, but in the sense of having wielded a remarkable influence. They have helped to alter the course of world painting; and they have given Paris the biggest shake-up it has so far experienced from a wholly external source. But the question remains: are new names once again emerging more frequently in Paris, and even London, than in New York? Has the Pollock generation not really got true successors in America?

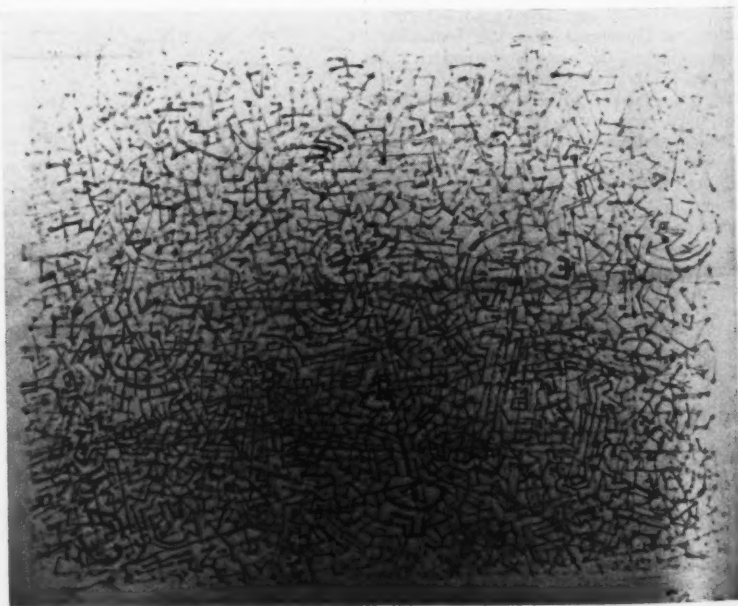
THESE thoughts occur partly because there has been shown in London, during November, an exhibition of American painting and sculpture which was rather depressing—to me, at any rate. Held at the Institute of Contemporary

Arts, it was entitled "Eight American Artists," and it consisted of four painters from Seattle and four sculptors from New York: Guy Anderson, Kenneth Callahan, Morris Graves, Mark Tobey; and Rhys Caparn, David Hare, Seymour Lipton, Ezio Martinelli. The most considerable artist of the show was of course Mark Tobey; but, apart from him, the sculptors were more interesting than the painters, it seemed to me. Lipton and Hare have an honorable place in the international movement of open metal sculpture. But then, as I wrote recently in ARTS, this whole approach now seems to me to have more or less exhausted its possibilities for the time being (one real exception to this is César, the young French sculptor, whose exhibition at the Hanover Gallery I will return to in a moment). Morris Graves' Oriental calligraphic touch is charming; but he nowhere elevates this personal calligraphy into plastic design—making of each touch of his elegant brush a palpable plastic fact, as does Tobey at his best. Graves remains illustrational: but not mystic-illustrational, like Callahan, whose Blake-like swirl of floating nudes makes Blake himself a classical artist by comparison. (And Blake was in fact deplorably weak in all but an illustrative sense.) No: Tobey it is whom one considers most seriously in this company, re-examining, for instance, the fact of his extreme historical significance. A case could be made out claiming that Tobey is one of the most influential painters now living; he is the forerunner of Pollock, for instance, in his "shallow depth" system, as in the extreme evenness of emphasis in his over-all composition—two features of nonfigurative pictorial expression which have spread first from Seattle to New York and thence all over the world. It is a case of genetic rather than direct influence. If, as I've just suggested, figurative painting is not susceptible of translation, from country to country, still less from continent to

continent, the opposite seems demonstrably to be the case with nonfigurative painting. Although I firmly believe that the best nonfigurative painting is an organic development, a growth which feeds on the particular (a certain place, unique objects, a special light, etc.), it nevertheless turns this material into forms which are universal in their application. The microscopic—still more the molecular—structure of the rocks and bushes outside my Cornish window here would flow imperceptibly into the similarly minute structure of rocks and trees in East Anglia, no doubt. Yet Cornwall's larger aspect is utterly dissimilar from that of Suffolk. Thus the Cornish painter Bryan Wynter, influenced latterly by Tobey, has transplanted a pictorial "molecular structure" which Tobey developed on the Pacific Coast, and used it to precipitate configurations of his own which transcribe and condense his experience, not of, but at the Atlantic coastline of Cornwall. I have pointed out before in this column that Wynter—who is one of the most significant English painters of the present time—has taken, as it were, single typical brush strokes out of the context of his earlier figurative paintings and built them into these new images of space which, once arrived at, instantly connect with Tobey's.

IN this way the vital underlying patterns of abstract pictorial statement are transmitted from continent to continent today. The colors change, the textures and the handwriting change, from place to place and from artist to artist; but a similar energy and a similar "armature" of pictorial design persist. In *Aerial City* (1950), by Tobey; in *White World* (1957), by Wynter; and in *Sculpture Murale* (1957), by César, there are extraordinary similarities in the way in which space is so to speak refracted by a multitude of shallow facets or planes. In each (and César's great iron fin, with its many wedgelike iron facets resembling rather the knifed paint-slabs of Riopelle, is a most original departure: a sort of sculptural equivalent for a De Staël or a Riopelle canvas), a surface becomes intensely articulate and eloquent without resorting to the illusion of three-dimensional complexity and without in any way allowing the face of a figurative image to crystallize out of the rhythmic counterpoint of its highly architectural structure.

Mark Tobey, *AERIAL CITY* (1950); at the Institute of Contemporary Arts.





Bryan Wynter, WHITE WORLD (1957).

So what I invite you to consider, with regard to these three works, is the physical evidence of formal intuitions shared by three artists who have never met, who are dissimilar in age, nationality and place of work, but whose common spirit is evident. In the past such closeness could only have occurred between artists living in close proximity. Today the world is our parish; and the example of these three works is one that could be repeated endlessly, from Tokyo to Peru. To turn to Tobey again—this *Aerial City* was by far the best thing of his at the I.C.A. In fact his earlier pictures like *Rummage* (1949), with its even scattering of little objects helter-skelter across the surface—armchairs, busts, cowboys, vases—were somewhat disillusioning. Not until space itself became the sole subject of his works did the full inventive grace and potency of his superbly "slight" talent materialize. Bryan Wynter's art has, by comparison, a much wider range: it is plastically more complex and profound than Tobey's, and Wynter is a more powerful colorist.

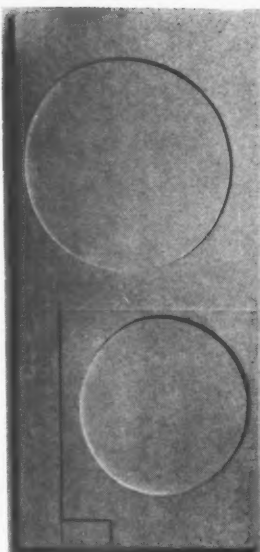
Of César it must be said that, fascinating as he is through the space-refracting activity of his faceted surface, he also is most powerful in the round. His works at the Hanover Gallery included female figures, without hands or heads—the influence, I would say, of Reg Butler and Germaine Richier showed in his solid figures, while Chadwick was not entirely absent in his screens of ribbed iron "laches." I must say I dislike this handlessness in modern sculpture: it is become a fashion. Nevertheless César makes a strong impact, and one that is remarkably personal. There is great plastic density, and weight, and control, in these figures made of welded-iron fragments. And, on the evidence of this show, he is moving in the right direction—that is, away from the semi-Surrealist (I think it is far too late for me to start trying to suppress signs of my anti-Surrealist bias!) and toward the figure: away from the fragmentariness of those earlier pieces in which the metal odds and ends on the floor of a welder's shop seem to have coagulated about a central pivot, as if drawn together with the compositional arbitrariness which results when a powerful magnet is thrust into the metal junk-pile; toward the subtlety of the increasingly continuous surface that defines volumes, i.e., the skin that reveals and conceals the muscles of a thigh. Yet this surface is powerfully sliced, ribbed, smooth here but porous as pumice stone there, jagged, drawn out into tenuous ridges that lie along the contour of breast or hip, or down the shin or thigh—ridges that eventually become detached

from the main mass and spike the air before breaking off abruptly in space. And all this in vigorous, heavy-handed iron. César's works have a *solidity* so sheerly formal that it removes him from the rusty *Angst*-laden, spike-and-metal-web fantasies that I now feel surfeited with. He is nearer Nicolas de Staël than anything Expressionist or Surrealist.

AN exhibition at the Matthiesen Gallery of paintings by Martin Bradley, an English artist aged twenty-six, was interesting because of the extreme facility and professionalism and eclectic exuberance of his pictures. Absorbed by the Far East (he is something of a Chinese scholar), Bradley is wonderfully sensitive in his actual execution, always. It is too soon, to judge by this pleasing exhibition, to say just what kind of a painter Bradley is; but the calligraphic nerve of his line, the strong vibrancy of his colors, the Bonnardian matness of his large and flatly dabbed areas, and the Miró-like character of some of his disks of red—all these disparate aspects of his talent are qualities that will add up in his favor whichever way he now goes—whether toward the stylized figuration of some of his pictures or the gay and decorative abstract symbolism of others.

At the Tate Gallery the Arts Council introduced the late Constant Permeke in a retrospective exhibition of huge paintings and huge drawings. Officially a Northern Expressionist, Permeke nevertheless vacillated between a highly competent formalism (sometimes recalling Léger, sometimes the Derain interiors of 1910-14) and a heavy-handed impasto-laden "Expressionism," by comparison with which Vlaminck at his smudgiest is masterly. (And Vlaminck at his best is, I unpopulantly maintain, a master.) Again, Modigliani's taut arcs of smoothly drawn line are echoed in some of the Permeke portrait drawings, while a number of extremely large charcoal drawings of female nudes recall Derain's life drawings—and these were very impressive indeed. Finally, to round off the list of visible connecting links, a beautiful *Landscape in Brittany* of 1951 was extraordinarily reminiscent (and not only because of the subject) of the late Christopher Wood—the English painter who, had he not died in 1930 at the age of twenty-nine, might well have been the most powerful English painter of his generation. Despite the criticism all these overlappings might seem to imply, Permeke makes an impact that is remarkably full-blooded. His color is often dull and muddy, his forms *brutally* simplified; nevertheless his tones have a full-throated resonance, and his paint (despite areas that are too empty and large) is pushed about with true science and feeling.

To conclude with the usual very abbreviated list of events—At the Artists' International Association in Lisle Street, the abstract painters Gillian Ayres and Adrian Heath had organized an exhibition entitled "Pictures without Paint"—collages, reliefs, constructions, and so on, beginning with Picasso, Braque, Gris and Ben Nicholson and arriving at such things as *Study in Plyglass* (Cecil Stephenson), *Composition Pollyfills* (Gillian Ayres), *Pantural* (A. Tapiés) or *Photostat* (Victor Pasmore). At Gimpel Films more collages, by Austin Cooper (a nongeometric variety: no straight edges to the overlapping papers) and ceramics by James Tower (the most important ceramic artist in England working in a post-Leach tradition: some beautiful fish-shaped platters). At Gallery One (in D'Arblay Street), new paintings by F. N. Souza, an Indian painter living in London. At the Lefevre Gallery, an important show of the best-known of British expatriates in Paris—W. S. Hayter. Finally, the welcome reappearance, at the new Parton Gallery in Greek Street, Soho, of Robert Colquhoun with an exhibition of new drawings.



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CHICAGO

The Momentum show presents the "new" Chicago school . . . "Young British Painters" at the Arts Club . . . Allan Frumkin offers a gallery retrospective . . . recent work by Max Kahn, Herbert Davidson and Stanley Mitruk . . .

BY ALLEN S. WELLER

ONE of the good things about the Momentum exhibitions, which have been held annually since 1948, is that the group involved invokes no set pattern as to what an exhibition should be. It has tried several different methods of assembling a large Midwestern group show, and the results have always been worth seeing. Perhaps the most consistent element in the show's formation has been the independence of the jurors, who work separately and consequently have not made the compromises and adjustments which often distinguish the juried show. Indeed, the Momentum shows are often almost as interesting as expositions of the individual juror's tastes as they are of the individual artist's productions. The 1957 show was installed in the galleries of the Jewish Education Building on Eleventh Street.

This year the exhibition was limited in geographical distribution, and it turned out to be, in effect, a Chicago-and-vicinity show to which artists were admitted on the basis of groups of three to five works. The works of each of the thirty artists selected were installed together. The jury was made up of Philip Guston, Sam Hunter and Franz Kline, and obviously it was in many respects a harmonious group. Sixteen of the artists included were selected by all three jurors, six by various combinations of two of them, eight by one or another of the jurors alone. Guston seems to have had the most individual taste of the three jurors: four artists entered the show because he alone wanted them to be there.

In recent years there has been a good deal of talk about a Chicago school. I was told by the gallery attendant, the day I was there, that there had been an "old" Chicago school, but that this has been displaced by a "new" one. How time flies! Only two years ago, the "new" Chicago school was led by Campoli, Cohen, Fink, Golub and Goto, but I am now informed that this is presently the "old" group, and that there is a new school made up of Judith Dolnick, Ann Mattingly, Robert Natkin, Gerald Van de Wiele and Don Vlack. The "new" group seemed to dominate the present show—if for no other reason than for the enormous size of their works. Two of the members of the "old" group

(Campoli and Fink) were not even present. To an old-timer like the present reviewer, both groups seem new, and it is hard to think of either of them as constituting a "school."

THE common denominator among the "new" group is vast scale and direct action. Many of the paintings are eight or nine feet square. They are called Expressionistic by the publicity chairman of the exhibition, but am I wrong in seeing in them a curious kind of contemporary Impressionism? I kept wondering, as I studied them, if the recent enthusiasm for the huge water-lily paintings of Claude Monet had not influenced these young artists. Not only the large scale, but the floating color masses, the lack of horizon, the broken surfaces, the indistinct edges, the sense of submersion within the design, seemed reminiscent. The great difference, of course, is that the "new" paintings emerge from inner vision (at times they seem to be almost sub-visual) and from a primary involvement with the pigment itself. I think this is a possible approach to the problem of contemporary expression, but I also feel that there will have to be a greater exercise of will power and of direction before such works become more than simply enormous operational areas. At present they seem to be like big playing fields in which an extremely active sport, whose rules haven't yet been agreed upon, is being enacted.

Apparently Edward Kelley is not considered a member of the group already mentioned, though his paintings are big too. It seemed to me that there was more genuine excitement in the plunging swirls of color which emerge from the cavernous blacks of his compositions than in anything else in the show. George Cohen continues to incorporate small, smudgy mirrors, dismembered elements from jointed dolls, glass eyes and real hair into compositions which arouse disturbing associations. Joseph Goto sent three steel *Landscapes*, faultless in design, with invigorating connotations of vast suggested scale. Roland Ginzel and Leon Golub were well represented with works which build on the past and promise much for still further development. Certainly Golub has a strange power of imagery, and has made of the deformed shapes, the dis-

Below: *Giacometti*, PORTRAIT AT A WINDOW; collection Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Freehling. Below, right: *Pechstein*, HEAD OF A GIRL; collection Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Shapiro. At Allan Frumkin.





Davidson, THE JUGGLER; at Oehlschlaeger.

carded, spoiled, misbegotten elements of his style, an anxious language. An artist of strong individuality is Miyoko Ito, who builds organically out of precise cut-out patterns. Robert Nickle exhibited a group of his characteristic collages, beautifully adjusted in color and value, each element subtly balanced against the others: a sort of faceless emptiness put together like building blocks. Abbott Pattison has several handsome works, one of which exploits the contemporary preoccupation with transforming tools or implements (springs, hinges, paper clips) into humanistic images. Seymour Rosofsky paints crowds of gray people, with swirling spatial movements. William Stipe is neat and enigmatic with his geometrical illusions. H. C. Westerman is building wooden objects which seem to be precision instruments to perform complicated specific functions which it is impossible to identify. This is an amusing idea, but it is no longer a novelty, and is hardly enough to sustain serious artistic expression.

SEVERAL years ago the Arts Club introduced a number of recent British sculptors to Chicago; that show has now been followed with an exhibition called "Young British Painters." The show was organized locally; it will be seen later at the Albright Gallery in Buffalo and the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa, and then will be circulated by the Smithsonian. The work of seven painters is included.

Ceri Richards (still "young" at the age of fifty-four) is a painter who develops the humanistic image with arbitrary distortion combined with splendid color. William Scott's paintings often involve simple horizontal and vertical elements which divide the total area in an architectural fashion; his charcoal drawings of square-cut reclining females, aggressively primitivistic in manner, depend in part on smudgy erasures to suggest more than is there. Bryan Wynter is a painter with a dense, calligraphic quality, an all-enveloping surface rhythm, which recalls in some ways similar tendencies in Tomlin, Tobey and

Candell. Louis Le Brocquey is the creator of delicate wraiths, the traces of imagery, the shadows of nudes, all white, with rich, precious textures, which must be protected by glass. Peter Lanyon is the most vigorous of the group: one simply accepts his huge, blockish, uncompromising forms like big facts of nature. Sandra Blow works in a smaller, more delicate, more selective, dimension; Donald Hamilton Fraser establishes precise coloristic balances in abstracted landscapes and still lifes. The show is agreeable and timely, but on the whole it seems to lack tension and completion.

THE Allan Frumkin Gallery is celebrating its five years of existence by borrowing back from their present owners twenty-eight works which have passed through this dealer's hands. The result is in many respects fresh and surprising. None of the works had ever been put on exhibition here before. Mr. Frumkin acquired works by German twentieth-century artists from the beginning, and there are excellent examples of Grosz, Klee, Koschka, Nolde, Pechstein and Schmidt-Rottluff. There are beautiful bronzes by Degas and Renoir, paintings by Braque, Derain, Léger, Marcoussis, Picasso and Tanguy. There is a remarkable Miró construction, three anxious paintings by Giacometti, an engrossing gadget by Cornell, and outstanding works by Pascin and Delvaux. The collection has no unifying factor except the most important one of all—fine quality. It reflects a standard of taste on the part of the dealer who originally acquired the works and the collectors who purchased them which is cause for satisfaction.

The Frumkin Gallery has contributed much to the artistic life of Chicago during its five-year life. It has brought us the first exhibitions in the United States of Alberto Burri and Germaine Richier; it has given us repeated opportunities to see new work by Matta and Cornell; it has allowed us to trace the development of such young American sculptors as Jeremy Anderson, Richard Stankiewicz and Joseph Goto. There has been a special emphasis on certain phases of Surrealism and on German Expressionism, particularly in the field of graphics. It is almost always an exciting place to visit.

Max Kahn has been showing recent paintings at the Fairweather-Hardin Gallery. They are sensitive, reflective, relaxed. The artist has evidently been going through a New England period, and such motifs as Colonial gravestones, ship's figureheads and decoy ducks introduce fruitful variations upon the big-eyed figures which move, dreamlike, through his reassuring world.

At two other galleries we have recently seen paintings by two young Chicago artists who belong to the "immaculate" tradition in American art. Herbert Davidson, at the Oehlschlaeger Gallery, is back from a year in Florence, where he assimilated with intelligence and refinement some of the lessons of the old masters. He is an excellent draftsman, who finds in the human figure a vehicle for the expression of grave and suggestive thought. The surfaces are smooth, the color key muted, the figures marked by delicate balance (they often hold wands or balance poles), and they wear strange and unexpected hats. This is a curiously "literary" style, with its decorative emphasis on lettering. It holds forth interesting possibilities for future development.

Stanley Mitruk, at the Main Street Gallery, is somewhat similar, but he works primarily in the field of still life and has carried his style to a greater degree of maturity. He is preoccupied with ironstone tureens, bottles, frayed wicker baskets, fruit—all these ordered in architectonic fashion. The works suggest plenty of relationships (Braque, Morandi, Carlyle Brown; there is even a certain Cubist undercurrent), but they have their own distinct individuality and sober personality. Mitruk's paintings are invariably beautifully adjusted, composed with the most thoughtful attention to the subtleties of design.

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It might have been expected, after André Derain's death in 1954, that fresh critical efforts toward an evaluation of this French painter would be forthcoming. Such has not been the case, however. ARTS now presents two essays that develop new insights into his work and life: the first, a biographical study by Alfred Werner, examines material relevant to a fuller understanding of his work; the second, by Patrick Heron, discounts the current myth of the later Derain as a perpetrator of a specious realism (his earlier, Fauve works are highly acknowledged), and examines the classic certainties of his finest post-Fauve paintings.

THE TRAGEDY OF ANDRÉ DERAÏN

*Intellectual strength and weakness of character
lie at the roots of his total accomplishment.*

BY ALFRED WERNER

THE only major figure among the Fauves still lacking a comprehensive biography is André Derain. His life seems to have become the object of fanciful anecdote and speculation rather than of impartial study. No full-length book has been written to retrace his career, from the first years of this century to the present decade, but there are quantities of unverified stories about his surly eccentricities, and even more theories on his failure to live up to the promise of his early work. Perhaps the most fantastic of these theories blames childhood experience for Derain's inadequacies. The son of a well-to-do baker, on weekdays he attended the best school in the town of Chatou where he was born. On Sundays, however, he had to deliver brioches to his classmates' homes, and endure their taunts. This indignity, we are told, he remembered till he died, and the trauma, we are asked to believe, was responsible for the mature man's insecurity and lack of spontaneity . . .

Fables aside, there is much disagreement about Derain as an artist. The minimalists accept as valid only the work he did as a Fauve between his twenty-fifth and twenty-seventh year, and reject all that he produced in the forty-seven years that followed. At the other extreme are those who deny that there ever was a decline.

In the case of Derain, one feels that additional biographical information would be particularly relevant, would add appreciably to a fuller understanding of his *oeuvre*. From what we already know, he possessed, at least in his younger years, a tremendous intellectual curiosity—coupled with a need for literary expression. He left a manuscript, "De l'Art de Peindre," of which only excerpts have been published so far. His posthumously published *Lettres à Vlaminck*, covering mainly the first decade (1901-1910) of their friendship, reveal an unrestrained, mentally avid young man, who discusses Zola, mentions Apollinaire, quotes Nietzsche, explores all phases and personalities of art in a staccato prose bristling with poetic fragments. But the letters also show an early disillusionment after a loathed military training, and a conservative's skepticism toward the socialist ideals of his friend.

Vlaminck, who furnishes the volume with a flaming eulogy ("avec André Derain a disparu un des piliers de la peinture française"), was the most incongruous companion the well-brought-up, refined bourgeois could have found. At least the Derain family thought so, and the ferocious proletarian Maurice, four years older than André, was not even permitted to enter their house. One apocryphal story would have it that André used to hold his paintings out of the attic window for his friend to see and criticize!

CHATOU, on the banks of the Seine, was not far from Paris, where André was sent to study engineering. Critics have traced Derain's stupendous sense for design to this early train-

ing, though it must have been rather brief. There are romantic stories that the "Ecole de Chatou" (consisting in its entirety of Vlaminck and Derain) rented a rickety little house on an island in the Seine and engaged there in college-boy pranks, largely directed against the Sunday picnickers from Paris; that they shared mistresses and models; that Derain was expelled from the Louvre after visitors had taken exception to his bold "copy" of Ghirlandajo's *Bearing the Cross*. These stories may be fact or fiction; the only reliable reference to Derain's beginnings, and the start of Fauvism, comes from Matisse:

I knew Derain from having met him in the studio of Eugène Carrière, where he worked, and I took an interest in the serious, scrupulous work of this highly gifted artist. One day I went to the Van Gogh exhibition at Bernheim's in the Rue Lafitte. I saw Derain in the company of an enormous young fellow who proclaimed his enthusiasm in a voice of authority. He said: "You see, you've got to paint with pure cobalts, pure vermillions, pure Veronese." I still think Derain was a bit afraid of him. But he admired him for his enthusiasm and his passion. He came up to me and introduced Vlaminck. Derain asked me to go see his parents to persuade them that painting was a respectable trade, contrary to what they thought. And to give more weight to my visit, I took my wife with me. To tell the truth, the painting of Derain and Vlaminck did not surprise us, for it was close to the researches I myself was pursuing. But I was moved to see that these very young men had certain convictions similar to my own.

The date of the meeting at the Van Gogh show was 1901; Matisse's trip to Chatou took place early in 1905, after Derain's return from military training. As for the famous Salon d'Automne of 1905, which earned the participating artists—Matisse, Derain, Vlaminck, Rouault and a few lesser men—the sobriquet of "Fauves" (Wild Beasts), the familiar story needs no repetition here. But it appears now, in retrospect, that whereas Vlaminck was the wildest of the "beasts," Derain was the most housebroken. No prophet could have discerned in his Collioure landscape the Neo-Classical of the 1930's, but a certain restraint was there even in 1905. If Vlaminck bragged of squeezing pure color out of the tubes right onto the canvas, his younger friend softened with ochers and browns the violence of hot color, and reduced the formlessness by drawing strong silhouettes with the brush. Invariably there was an echo of classical composition, an unwillingness to go to extremes. After two or three years came the break with what he was to call, scornfully, a "dyers' theory."

Architectural design constituted the core of art for Derain. He found this formalistic strength in Cézanne, and in Picasso, with whom he spent the summer of 1910 in Catalonia. Like Matisse, he admired the bold structural reorganization of forms in African Negro sculptures that, during the Fauve period, he



Above: SELF-PORTRAIT (1912). Below: *Balthus*, ANDRÉ DERAÏN (1936).



COURTESY MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

had started to collect. His severest critics concede that some of the cool landscapes, in simplified patterns, which he did after the Fauve upheaval, are not inferior to his potent earlier work.

The First World War cut short all experimenting and dreaming. Drafted in 1914 to serve as a driver in the artillery, Derain was wounded, but when demobilized at the end of hostilities he was in good health. We have a prewar description of him in the memoirs of Fernande Olivier, Picasso's first companion: "Slim, elegant, with a lively color and enameled black hair. With an English chic, somewhat striking. Fancy waistcoats, ties in crude colors, red and green. Always a pipe in his mouth, phlegmatic, mocking, cold, an arguer."

Known on the Left Bank for a Gargantuan appetite, he did not remain slim very long. Clive Bell describes him in the twenties, when he presided, with his wife Alice, over the artists' gatherings at Les Deux Magots café:

Perhaps it was his character that most impressed his friends: it seemed exactly suited to his height and tremendous frame and noble Roman head. He spoke slowly, as beseeemed his bulk, and with distinction and humor; though a habit of talking with a pipe in his mouth sometimes muffled his voice and distressed his friends.

THE twenties were his greatest and most productive period. There were no financial worries. Ambroise Vollard, his first dealer, had been replaced by the enthusiastic and learned Daniel Henry Kahnweiler, an admirer of Derain's "austere and mighty art." Cubism having run dry, and Surrealism having come to a quick end, there was, in all countries, and especially in France, a desire to return to tradition. In France there was also xenophobia, and a resentment of Expressionism as exemplified by Chagall and Soutine. *Vide* the critics' outburst against Chagall's illustrations for the *Fables of La Fontaine*, or René Huyghe's insistence that there existed an unbridgeable gap between Soutine (whom he both admired and resented) and traditional art: "The style of this artist weakens the great traditions of French painting. This unpruned style, flamboyant Gothic, asymmetric Baroque, is opposed to the slender, graceful, precise French style."

Derain was, indeed, the rallying point for those chauvinists who tried to stem the un-Gallic flood of foreign-born artists—mystics, neurotics, reckless innovators—converging to conquer France. It is now hard to understand that to André Lhote neither Bonnard nor Vuillard, neither Matisse, Rouault nor Braque, constituted "*le plus grand peintre français vivant*," but Derain, then in his early forties. Perhaps a clue might be found in Clive Bell's explanation that fear and resentment of the "un-French spirit" drove younger Frenchmen to seek "shelter and grace under the vast though unconscious naturalism of Derain."

Neo-Classicism might have been a more appropriate term. Unlike Vlaminck, who insisted that he "never set foot inside a museum," Derain mentally never left the Louvre, whether he went to the South of France to paint its golden earth, or to Italy or Spain; whether a young model was posing for him, or a few pieces of fruit were his source of inspiration. In a sense he was, in this, following Cézanne, whose aim had been to make "something solid and enduring like the art of the Museums," and to whom Derain had sworn fealty after he had broken with the Fauves. Cézanne too wanted to be nothing but a modern Poussin, but he wanted to achieve this aim with modern means, eliciting from nature formal rhythms unknown to the Impressionists.

Derain did not wish to be considered an imitator; criticized as one, he defended himself by saying:

A great painter does not have the right to turn back to tradition before he has trodden the path of revolt which led him to the realization of his own artistic personality. Those who yield at once to the dictates of tradition have no real interest in themselves. They appreciate only the superficially apparent qualities of tradition and consequently make a travesty of it.

THE TRAGEDY OF ANDRE DERAIN

Yet, having "trodden the path of revolt" did not protect Derain ultimately from going astray. In the old masters, he admired the equilibrium, all the directness, simplicity, integration of elements that, combined, produce what is called good composition. But he was mistaken in thinking that all these "qualities of tradition" could not be found in a piece of abstract art. He thought he was painting as the old masters would have painted had they lived in the twentieth century, forgetting that these men would, by necessity, have endorsed Cubism, Futurism, Surrealism, or any other twentieth-century school. Chardin, if born in 1899 rather than 1699, would have painted his bottles and bowls with the same delicate balance and lyrical quality, but with the abstract tendency of a Morandi or Ozenfant!

WHenever, from about 1920 onward, Derain relinquished what undoubtedly were fallacious ideals, he could do anything from good to great. In his successful work, he went far enough to allow the onlooker to recognize his own familiar experience of things around him, but never so far as to make the onlooker believe he was seeing a slice of nature. Such work offered double enjoyment, intellectual as well as sensuous. But he becomes pedantic and slick when, leaving the world of pure paint, he tries to give us Reality as seen through the eyes of Courbet, Corot, or, further back, Dutch naturalists, Renaissance masters. That he was sincere in his reverence for the art of the past need not be doubted; but neither can it be denied that, as time went on, he contented himself more and more with rendering the superficial aspects of the old masters' works, cared less and less to pour his own spirit into the old vessels, to fill them with new significance.

It is interesting to note that Soutine's star was rising as that of Derain declined. Albert C. Barnes, who admired Soutine's frenzy and bought up his so un-French, so utterly un-classic work, was among the first debunkers, declaring harshly that Derain's later oils constituted "the shadow of art with none of the substance." He was prejudiced, of course. But even Derain's old comrade Vlaminck (considered equally passé by many) had to recognize a falling off in his friend's production—due, he thought, to a combination of great intelligence and erudition with an insecurity that quenched his enthusiasm and spirit.

Another explanation, less charitable, has been offered. As strong as Derain was intellectually—his contemporaries describe him as having had a superior wit, and an encyclopedic erudition—so weak was he in character. He wanted power, he craved money. The dealers were always importunate, and he knew that a picture was sold for thousands of dollars before it was dry. Modigliani, who died in 1920, may have been just malicious when he called his colleague a "manufacturer of masterpieces," but he clearly anticipated Derain's future development.

As early as 1931 he stopped having exhibitions (though he contributed pictures to a group show six years later). He knew what the critics would say, but he did not care so long as his pictures continued to sell as fast as he could paint them. He loathed critics—"On ne peut pas me laisser tranquille!" he grumbled. The critics indeed could not leave him alone, and the vainglorious Derain, who was not as sure of himself as he pretended, did not wish to expose himself to their malicious talk. Hence in 1935 he withdrew from Paris to a small village, Chambourcy, where he bought himself an eighteenth-century mansion in an old park, hung up his Corots and Negro masks, put his Benin figures and Romanesque sculptures on the side tables, and kept on producing one piece after another, some of them still fairly good, some very shallow, but all painted with a stupendous technique that convinced those who loved to be convinced—by a famous name.

We have a picture of the "hermit of Chambourcy" as he looked in his mid-fifties, a few years before the start of the last war. It was painted by the young Neo-Realist Balthus, and no psychologist could have achieved a more penetrating portrait. There he is—a large, flabby figure in a dressing gown;

heavy-set, heavy-lidded with an expression of contempt in his small eyes, he is a strange mixture of grossness and sensitivity. He could be a very successful merchant or a Roman Caesar. A half-clad, pathetic-looking model is seated at the right, and pictures are stacked along the wall to the left, but somehow they have no relation to the big, fat, unfriendly man—and that is the way the clever Balthus saw him.

WE do not know what impelled him, the French nationalist, to accept the German conquerors' invitation to exhibit and even to lecture on modern art in the Reich. We know that Vlaminck went not because he liked Nazism, but largely because he enjoyed attention and flattery, especially after having been pushed into the background by the advanced artists and critics of France. Since all wars and all nationalisms were idiotic, why should he, the "internationalist" Vlaminck, hesitate to travel to Berlin? All that mattered to him, the "socialist," was that works of art be brought to the people, whether French or German.

This was Vlaminck's line of defense when, after the war, the purity of his motives was questioned. Derain, too, furiously denied that he had been a collaborator; he had gone on the speaking tour because he felt that art had nothing to do with politics, that it was, in fact, above it. Some of the other artists concerned might have gotten away with this explanation, but Derain was known to have flirted with Fascist ideas long before the fall of Paris, to have thought little of democracy and much of the "elite." Ironically, one of his finest canvases, the 1912 oil, *Valley of the Lot at Vers*, was removed from a German museum as "degenerate" and acquired by the "cultureless" Americans (it is now in the Museum of Modern Art).

In the same ironical context, it is to be noted that Derain was among the first modern French artists to find patrons here. Yet he was full of hatred and contempt for "the land of the dollar" where "nobody knew anything about art." Vain as he was, he might have changed his mind upon seeing himself represented in virtually every collection of note in the country. (In New York, the Museum of Modern Art has, among others, the *Blackfriars Bridge, London*, of 1906 and the 1912 *Window on the Park*, while the Metropolitan owns *The Table* of 1911.)

When, at last, people stopped asking embarrassing questions about his conduct during the war, new trouble developed. Madame Derain, separated after a long and apparently unhappy marriage, was granted by the court an injunction forbidding the artist to sell any of his pictures until a financial settlement be made. This was a normal legal procedure, but Derain used the opportunity for a melodramatic appeal to the French nation against this conspiracy of a malevolent woman and a corrupt government: "*Mes pinceaux sont en prison!*" he

L'Estaque (1906); private collection.





Forest at Martigues (c. 1908);
courtesy Art Institute of Chicago



Landscape at Fontainebleau (c. 1935);
collection Mrs. Dermond Reid.



The Window on the Park (1912);
courtesy Museum of Modern Art.

complained, threatening that he would not touch his "imprisoned" brushes until justice was restored. But at this point there were few sympathizers to be found, for he had long outlived his popularity.

Derain did not frequent the cafés of postwar France. Calling himself a "simple farmer," he rarely left the green surroundings of his eighteenth-century mansion at Chambourcy. It was just a short distance to Paris, but "What should I do in Paris? Go to the movies?" Journalists who visited him after the end of the war found him an ill-humored cynic. The man who, as a spirited youth, had defended culture as essential to the artist, now asserted: "Art's greatest danger is an excess of culture" (for years his adversaries had accused him of just that—an excess of culture).

WAS it mere thoughtlessness or an unconscious desire to escape a useless life that made the old man step into the path of a car on a country road? After a few weeks of lingering pain he died on September 10, 1954, from the injuries.

There is more than a little irony in Derain's fate. For in younger years he was noted, or rather notorious, as a speed demon, indulging in his only known vice: racing his Bugatti along the highways of France recklessly, as if pursued by devils. But the fatal car struck only the shell of a man, bitter, frustrated and lonely. It was like the passing of a veteran of the G.A.R. Othon Friesz had gone in 1949, Raoul Dufy in 1953. As for Matisse, "*Le Roi des Fauves*," he was to pass away on November 4, a few weeks after his gifted follower and disciple Derain. The only remaining "Wild Beasts" of 1905-07 now are a few very old men: Braque, Rouault, Van Dongen, Vlaminck.

And we, the survivors—can we not try to judge Derain by his best alone? Objectivity, we might even say Democracy (a word he loathed), demands appreciation of conservative artists also, those who lack, or, as they would prefer, disdain, originality. Derain was proud to be considered a son or grandson of Corot, but he forgot that a man of 1930, with another vision and

other experiences, could not possibly repeat the performances of 1830. Like De Chirico, whose "*Pictor classicus sum*" he might have adopted for a motto, he misguidedly thought that one could twice step into the same stream. Still there are fine examples of *belle peinture* even among his late works, especially among the small landscapes. Remembering that his *oeuvre* also includes sculpture, ceramics, terra cottas, book illustrations and designs for the theater, one feels that one might search a little further among the work he left before pronouncing a quick verdict over this unlovable yet so strangely productive man.

In 1931 *Les Chroniques du Jour* devoted a special issue to statements defending or attacking Derain. Most of the better critics were against him. But even if the verdicts "*tout cérébral et pourtant mécanique*" (Jacques-Emile Blanche) and "*sans surprise et sans mystère*" (Pierre Courthion) still stand, have we not, in the meantime, learned better to appreciate the Mannerists, or the Carracci, against whom similar pejoratives might be hurled? Are these painters decadent merely because they tried to combine the excellencies of earlier masters? And is Picasso a copyist because he adapted so many styles?

Derain, too, was an adapter, not an adopter. But he lacked the spark of Picasso. He fell victim to the belief that it was his task to hold together, through a sensitive instinct and a sharp rationality, the threads of an aged and wise culture, to take his stand, as his faithful admirer Waldemar George put it, "looking at the past and living for the future." He was fatally narrow in his credo that art must be a matter of ordered and considered creation, and nothing else. He was against revolution, against anti-Renaissance expressionism, but forgot that the men he emulated in his later years, Chardin and Corot, were innovators themselves. Fortunately he could not keep his eyes and his hands out of the twentieth century. Introducing a tart and piquant note of his own into "pastiche," he managed even in his declining years to paint a number of landscapes and still lifes that match his achievements as a Fauve.

DERAIN RECONSIDERED

*Can the solidity of his genius in his heyday
weather the present crisis in his fortunes?*

BY PATRICK HERON

EVER since the end of the war it has been fashionable to decry André Derain. The critical change in Derain's fortunes seemed sudden to English admirers because it took place during the war, unwitnessed by us. To recapitulate—the brilliant Fauve of 1905 had matured into a true heavyweight by the twenties; and, by the time the Second World War came, Derain was universally looked upon as one of the "old masters" of modern painting. Less popular perhaps than Matisse, less publicized than Picasso or Braque, Derain nevertheless was revered in 1939 as the most classical and austere of living masters. His immensely plastic vision, his undeniably brilliant control of volume and recession, together with his dry taste where color is concerned—all these were among the qualities that marked him out as being the surest and most obvious link between the old and the new, between the classical certainties of Corot, of the early Cézanne and even Chardin, and the verve and drama of twentieth-century painting. In England, Mr. Clive Bell always admired Derain pretty unreservedly; and Roger Fry thought that the spirit of Poussin "seems to revive" in the work of this artist who, today, poses a tricky problem for any critic wishing to assess him from a standpoint outside the current distaste for his entire idiom.

I confess I begin with a terrific bias in Derain's favor. As an art student, just before the war, I was convinced of Derain's greatness—although I remember always insisting that he in no sense equaled Cézanne; but no one did that. I thought I found in him echoes from such distant quarters as Chartres (in the tubular fingers, arms and necks of the stone figures, or in the way a straight nose runs up into the pure arc of an eyebrow); in the Avignon Pietà; in Botticelli occasionally; and, most of all, in the late (but not the final) Renoir. I tremendously enjoyed the solidity of Derain's solid objects, venerating that plastic power I have already mentioned. This seemed to me to derive straight from Renoir and the Cézanne of the nineties (after 1900 Cézanne, it seems to me, became more interested in aerial space itself than in the dense and tangible objects inhabiting it: his final works reduced all objects to the semi-aerial state of those floating planes out of which he built his pictures). And I even felt that in Derain's best nudes and female portraits of, say, 1922 or 1923, the sense of form was stronger and more classical, more truly monumental than it was in such "classical" compositions as Picasso made at the same time. In the Picassos the feeling of parody is barely concealed: the wit whereby his large-limbed girls hinted at Greek sculpture or Roman frescoes itself somewhat dissolved the immensely serious weightiness with which the truly plastic is always conveyed. A Michelangelo, a Rembrandt, a Cézanne are so possessed by the mysteries of plastic form that there is no time (or space, perhaps I should say) for parody, even visual parody. I would still say that Derain's female-figure compositions of 1920-23 were in many ways a finer, subtler and essentially more *painterly* creation than the "Greco-Roman" Picassos of the same time. The limbs of Picasso's heavy women lay at rather obvious angles, both in relation to one another and to the picture frame: knees and elbows made neat angles of 45° or 135°; the volumes of arm or leg were a little *too* cylindrical. Derain's arms and legs flowed far more subtly, yet just as majestically.

So Derain, in my memory, was assuredly a master. At the back of my mind lay memories of great smooth pine trunks flowing upward and outward with the surge and intricate bal-

ance of a fountain; or of a shoulder, a breast, a thigh which glowed as it were *through* the ochers, the umbers and the light red pigment in which they were modeled. Yet it *was* at the back of one's mind—not in the forefront of consciousness—that Derain had come to reside. Nothing new to speak of was seen in London after the war—except, of course, the sets for the ballet *Mam'zelle Angot*, which I thought magnificent: they managed to transpose the rapid, flowing brush scrawls of a small gouache sketch onto the huge scale of the stage without any loss of meaning or freshness—so that one almost believed that Derain had painted the backcloth impromptu, with a brush two feet wide, five minutes before the curtain rose! Perfect in balance, these sets were also dead right in all their accents; that is, their detail (the curly back of a chair, the wisp of some distant cloud-vapor) was intricate in its definition or *meaning* only—but not in its execution, which remained wonderfully broad, economical and swiftly calligraphic in quality. Above all, their impact was utterly gay; their mood, light. And this is what the theater should always demand in *décor*—a gaiety in design and touch which proclaims the *unreality* of all the objects on the stage. Even the most tragic of dramas should be staged against designs in which visual wit and a lightness of touch prevail. Again, I think Derain equaled Picasso in his grasp





At left: *Nu* (1923). Above: *Port de Douarnenez* (1936); collection the Lord Harvey. Directly above: *Le Nu au Chat* (1936-38); collection Madame Alice Derain.

of this essential decorative gaiety when dealing with stage décor. But such charm and zest as he displayed in *Mam'zelle Angot* was, curiously enough, in complete contrast with the main mood and content of the bulk of his paintings from 1940 onward. And by the time Wildenstein's put on their retrospective show of eighty-seven works in April and May of this year, one had also to contend—as an old admirer only too anxious to find that the master remained undiminished in stature—with the evidence of some slick, poster-like pictures painted in the forties, plus the growing opinion that Derain was, after all, only a second-rate painter; a conscious reactionary; and the perpetrator of a specious realism which rendered landscape theatrical and still life boringly heavy. That is the present myth.

I MUST say at once that, burdened with fears that these opinions might prove at any rate rather better founded than I liked to admit, I got little comfort out of the Wildenstein exhibition, despite a gravely responsible and sympathetic catalogue introduction by Mrs. Dennys Sutton, who arranged the exhibition. Obviously this was not anything like the best case that could be made for Derain by a retrospective exhibition, if only because most of the works came from English collections. On the whole, the pictures seemed tired, brownish, their frames twentyish. And perhaps they were hung too closely on the walls? So I decided not to be put off too much by it! But it did succeed in slightly depressing Derain's total stature, for the time being, in my estimation, even though I was prepared

to discount the worst pictures in the room, such as the meretricious, glittering, too sharply blue-and-green landscape, *Port de Douarnenez*, painted in 1936; or the even flimsier and overfluent *La Route*, of 1932-33. I was also aware that the two main examples of that supremely important achievement of Derain's—the grandly static compositions of women I have been referring to—were both second-rate: in particular, the sole large nude, *Le Nu au Chat*, 1936-38, came nowhere near the great nudes of the early twenties; and thus it acted as a particularly powerful *saboteur*, undermining even one's old concept of the finest Derains of the past. In those earlier nudes Derain again and again arrived at the classical compactness of form, the classical sharpness of outline and smoothness of plastic modeling (all of which are qualities nowadays universally loathed—but no matter) by first going through a process of tentative visual research. The fine certainty and sweep and deliberateness of the final statements of his brush over the canvas were preceded by a long-drawn-out process of blocking-in, hatching, drawing and scribbling with large, soft brushes (so it seems to me; but this is my own quite unauthoritative reading of the matter: I have no evidence other than that of my own eyes). And in this he reminded one of the nudes of Corot: the same candor in searching out the form of limbs or hair or drapery produced the same apparently tentative asymmetry in their definition. But it was a tentativeness productive of extreme strength of form. The same arc, the same section in convex forms was never repeated twice: he did not impose geometry upon the flesh but, rather, educed it from it. Again one thinks of the Picasso women of 1921-23; but Picasso's was the opposite process—the fitting of the human figure into a system of regular geometric arcs of drawing.

YET, by 1936, here is Derain imposing a geometry upon the infinite subtlety of nature in *Le Nu au Chat*—and unfortunately it is a far less vital formal design than Picasso was ever guilty of: in fact it is formula. The degeneration of so powerful a vision as the earlier nudes manifest into such over-smooth, overharmonious ripples and swerves of contour and silhouette as we see in *Le Nu au Chat* was a tragedy indeed, because the conception still showed greatness (and here was a case of the Botticelli quality I've suggested); the orange-ocher flesh still glowed miraculously, set amid the somber-toned planes of the couch and background. But how pathetically deliberate the pushing around of the rectangles of the little bedside table at the bottom left of the picture. This, together with the overaccentuated recession of the line of the right-hand end of the couch, shows a bungled, overconscious attempt at picture-making which itself betrays the whole design as lacking spontaneity in its initial statements, its actual conception. And finally, as if to compensate for this fundamental uneasiness and lack of immediacy in the statement of the total image, Derain's hand and brush seem to move here with a forced pace, a physical swiftness not geared to what he was in fact saying. Hence the empty flourish in the actual strokes (in the flowers in this picture, for instance)—strokes which once were a magnificent example of the marriage of emotion and intellect—by which I mean that we feel the huge physical power and gusto and emotional intensity of the man when we glide through the superbly rhythmic passages of his best paintings at the same time that we are experiencing the incredibly tight, incredibly precise positioning of each and every contour, mass, silhouette and line.

The recessionary accuracy of every accent in Derain's finest works is quite phenomenal. He was a manipulator of forms-in-space of the very foremost powers. But the type of space he was concerned with is at present at an almost total discount: it was the kind apprehended in the Realist's literal optical sensation—sensation as it comes in through the practical eye and before it has been subjected to any esthetic "screening." Anyone of keen eyesight and intelligence can read the spatial information which the eye sucks in out of the three-dimensional world in which we live in such a way that he can "see" the position and size of all the salient objects before him with an accuracy that

DERAIN RECONSIDERED

is practical rather than esthetic. Derain was often more concerned to state this information than to comment upon it, with the result that the comment he was in fact making (since it is literally impossible to make *any* statement which is not implicitly a comment also) was perhaps unconscious. If ever it becomes less of a crime to see with the eyes of Corot (or even of Rubens, I suggest, in some of the later Derain landscapes), it will be evident that in many of his later works, now despised, Derain was still a painter of fantastic ability and what I might call "practical" genius. And let there be no doubt about it—he had genius.

THE period of Derain now most admired is of course his Fauve period. Certainly it is easy to enjoy his pictures in this style since they represent a stage coming before those developments which carried Derain out of the mainstream of the painting of his time. The extremely brilliant, flat color, the immensely decorative all-over emphasis of the Fauve pictures of Matisse and Derain and Vlaminck, assure them of the continuing sympathy and enthusiasm of all succeeding painters in any way connected with Cubist or nonfigurative art. In Fauvism the painting of today has its matrix. And Derain was sometimes the equal of Matisse in his Fauve paintings. His flickering blobs and ragged, thick strokes had a dancing vitality more elegant than the surfaces of the Fauve Vlaminck and more *deliberately* ordered than those of Matisse—which were the more sensuous, but slightly fumbling. Matisse's subsequent clarity is so celebrated that we may well overlook the fact that in his Fauve canvases he was frequently undecided as to the precise color and tone of an area, which he would therefore gorgeously smudge, a flat pink passage turning very slightly greenish at one side and purplish at the other, perhaps. But Derain was dancingly definite: his blobs and fat dots and dashes were more energetic and less nervous than Matisse's. And his compositions were more architecturally compact and lucid. In a sense they were much better designed than Matisse's Fauve pictures. Were they *too* well ordered? Was an ability to compose, along traditional lines, so perfectly developed in Derain as to be slightly boring to a contemporary eye?

Yet, in "perfection" lay weakness *and* strength. One of the paintings I warmed to at Wildenstein's, as showing the true old Derain at his toughest and sweetest, was a first-rate example of his mature landscape idiom called *Près de Sanary* and painted between 1921 and 1925, according to the catalogue. Here is all that smoothness, that modeling, that sinuous outline, that superb mastery of recession and control of perspectival volumes to which the sensibility of today is quite unattuned, indifferent. All I can say is, I am absolutely convinced that the Derain of this picture will survive as certainly as anyone else of our time. He was out of step; and we are no longer receptive to his values—with their intense fidelity to place, to the evocation of the reality of a particular day—and a particular angle of vision—at that bend in the sandy lane; even this concern with place

is an achievement to which we make almost no response at present. But this little painting has far greater subtlety and power, far more passion and intellect than works by other artists which are unquestionably more relevant to our present pursuits. This picture was painted at a time when Derain's color seemed inherent in his form—or *vice versa*. That is, the hot ochers of the bank, the Naples yellows of the sunlit section of the road, the palest cerulean blues in the infinitely high, taut, horizontally stretched vapors of the continental summer sky—all these colors have a resonance, matching the forms they reside in, which defines the plastic facts of that physical scene at the same time that it adds up to a coherent design on the surface of the canvas. The pines on the left (it is because of Cézanne and Derain that I myself love pines more than most other trees) are blackish; but viridian, and, again, some ocher or light red, is there, just lifting the black into a condition of velvety depth that is almost unfocusable. Try looking at the mat foliage of real pines: they defy the eyes' attempt to place them as neatly and definitely in the spatial setting as one places the rock or bank or barn roof nearby. The dark fur of a pine branch is ambivalent, spatially: it comes forward in front of itself; it sinks far back beyond itself; the light "is absorbed, not refracted" (to borrow a phrase from Eliot's *East Coker*) by pines in a landscape. All this is contained in *Près de Sanary*.

In this picture I find Derain's *brushwork* at its finest. Now the very word "brushwork" is anathema today. It somehow is suggestive of practices long dead. The square-rhythmed scribble of a blunt brush was more typical of our time (Matisse and Picasso) than the sort of long Renoirish stroke that starts fat, grows as thin as a hair, swells slightly, then thins to nothing again—more typical, that is, until postwar nonfigurative painting dispensed with studio brushes entirely, substituting instead the trowel, the scraper, the housepainter's brush and the poured liquid itself. But one has to recognize the intense expressive power that only a sensitive brush, used calligraphically, may release onto canvas (Ivon Hitchens is a case in point). There is an electric clarity allied to heavy plastic modeling power in evidence in the almost infinite variety of brushwork in *Près de Sanary*. Follow the rippling edge of the pale road's left fringe, as it bites into the shadowy pine masses; and feel the echo of those small taut ripples in the looser, more swinging, swaying line—the distant horizon—of the hills in the center distance. Between the two related rippling horizontal silhouettes (the hills' horizon echoing the roadside stones and bumps)—betwixt these two swaying wave lines sways the entire landscape between. The mid-distance hill town, the diagonal whitish road sliding round and up to it, the disappearing tops of the descending pines—all is woven into the swelling-wave movements. Then, to pin down and stabilize so much waving movement, Derain created the uncompromising horizontality of the sky vapors, rushing across from edge to edge of the pic-

A Spanish Town (c. 1910); collection Eric Estorick.



Pommes et Pichet (c. 1920-25); collection Denny Sutton.





Près de Sanary (c. 1921-25); collection Robert Heber-Percy.

ture; and the three heavy, horizontal tree shadows on the road (these also define the receding and slightly downward-running road surface with brilliant economy). And, of course, the three main pine trunks give a vertical rigidity and frame the scene traditionally.

If one looks at photographs of the later landscapes, such as the *Port de Douarnenez*, of 1936, which I disliked so much in reality, one may easily attribute to them the same fine unity of color and form as I found in *Près de Sanary*. In black and white they are equally impressive. But in color they fall right down. A heightening and brightening of palette in his later works proved fatal. The forms retain their cunning, while the color becomes vapid.

THIS brief review of the career of a great, if uneven, painter cannot claim to be more than assembled notes on an arbitrary selection of his works. I have given most space to a picture (*Près de Sanary*) which represents what has always seemed to me the great period of his landscape painting. It is flowing, fluent, and it derives more from Renoir than Cézanne. So now, for a moment, turn to a typical landscape of 1910, entitled in the Wildenstein catalogue *A Spanish Town*, which stems far more from Cézanne. (Personally I felt sure that this picture was of Saint-Paul-de-Vence, above Cagnes: the tip of the Cap d'Antibes is visible at the top right, if I am right; I have discovered a reproduction of a painting of olive groves entitled *Environs*

de Cagnes, and dated 1910—which looks hopeful.) Here a massive build-up of sharp rectilinear and diagonal house forms inhabits the center of the composition; but the field-banks of the foreground and the softnesses of olive trees across the lower middle of the picture are not quite integrated with the central geometry of the town. Cézanne's town (Gardanne, for instance?) is set in Renoir's hillside. Nevertheless in many works of this time the rigid idiom successfully prevailed throughout the composition. And in this picture, *A Spanish Town*, the stamp of Derain's personality is extremely strong. Finally, one more sample of Derain's successes—a still life called *Pommes et Pichet* painted about 1920-25. Here is that very broad, bare image of a couple of pots accompanied, in this case, by a couple of apples, which Derain reproduced again and again throughout his life. It is popular today because it is nearer the Picassos and Braques of similar objects. And it is full of quality. I like this "wooden" kind of Derain best when it expands itself sufficiently to include the deal tabletop and perhaps a bare-armed, bare-bosomed girl peeling the apples or pears. It is a style which lends one more piece of evidence to the general picture of Derain's great talent.

So, at this point in his reputation's career, what can we finally decide? Will he be increasingly forgiven his later slightnesses? Or will his earlier triumph be even more completely forgotten? I feel, myself, that the solidity of his genius in his heyday can weather the present storm.

ARSHILE GORKY

His poignant, dense and subtle art, against the background of a tragic life, forms the object of a full-scale monograph.

BY ROBERT ROSENBLUM



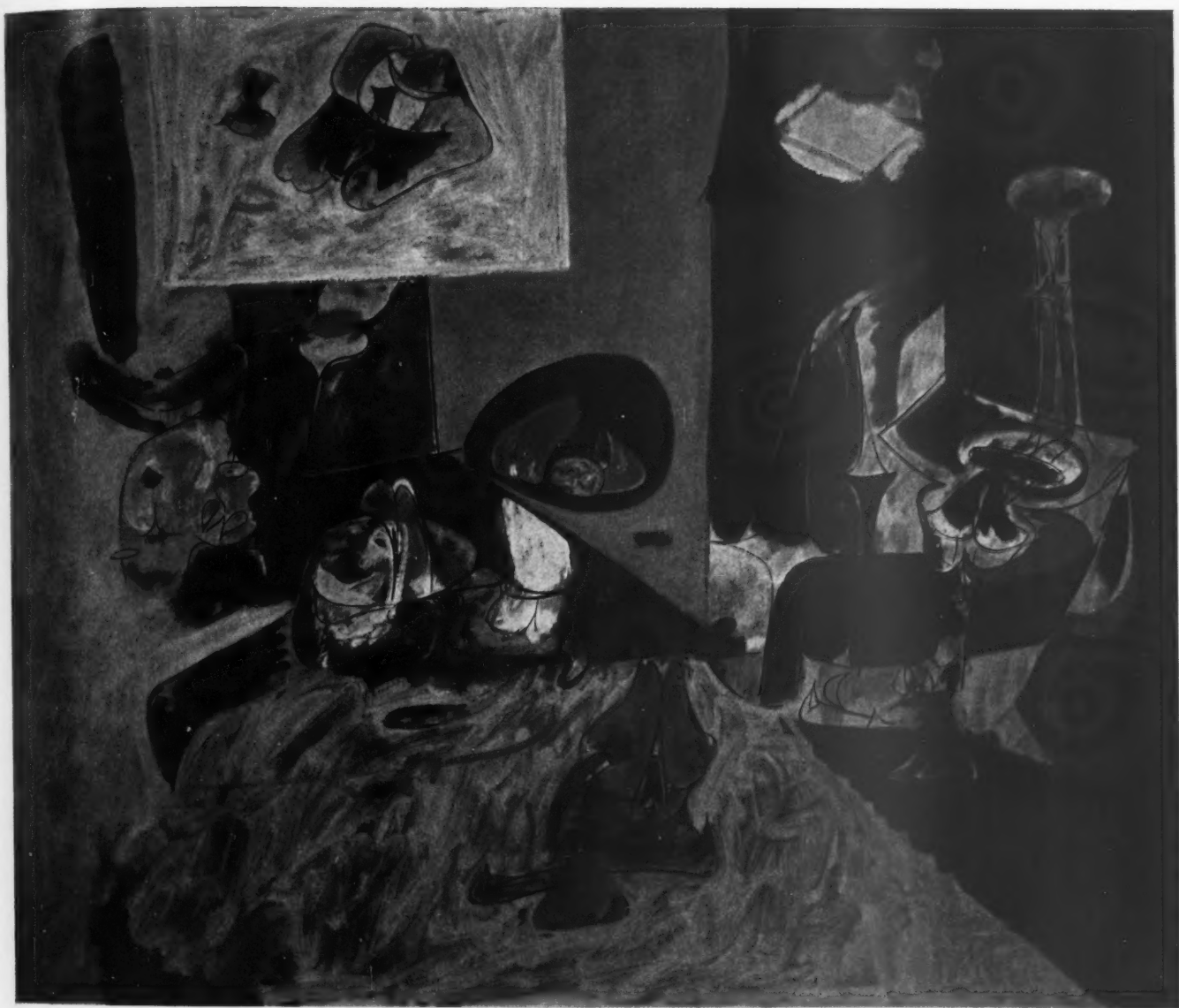
Self-Portrait (c. 1937); estate of Arshile Gorky, courtesy Sidney Janis Gallery.

ABOUT 1945 American painting emerged, with an abruptness still difficult to assimilate, as a major international force in both quality and inventiveness. The first artist to achieve that new breadth and originality which make even the best of Marin or Davis look provincial was the Armenian-born Arshile Gorky. Indeed, Gorky's career almost recapitulates the history of abstract painting in this country, for it begins by paying homage to a diverse sequence of European masters—Cézanne, Picasso, Miró, Kandinsky, Léger—and then, in the early 1940's, trembles with a sense of imminent fruition, and rapidly blossoms with a brilliance and sureness that seem to belie the painstaking, student-like transcriptions of the European pictorial languages imported in the two previous decades.

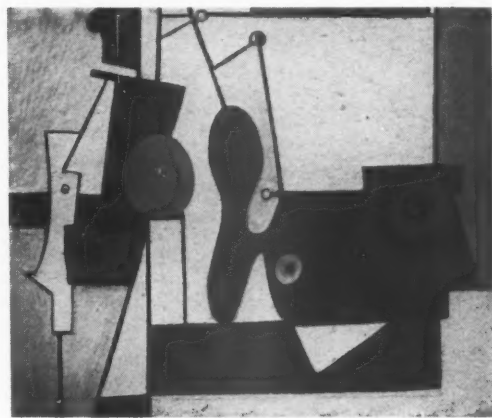
It is most appropriate, then, that the first full-scale monograph on an artist who belongs to this recent phase of American painting be devoted to Gorky.* The author, Ethel Schwabacher (who wrote the catalogue for the 1951 Whitney Exhibition of Gorky), is unusually well qualified to record the master's arduous and tragic history, for she had known Gorky as a close friend and teacher since 1928. As a result, her text has the flavor of an intimate tribute to the complex fabric of Gorky's personal and artistic biography. With letters and anecdotes, she re-creates his paradoxical personality—at once ingenuous and sophisticated, slow and impetuous, aggressive and retiring—as well as the cruel series of circumstances that maimed his private life, from his early poverty and unsuccessful first marriage to the swift, ultimate sequence of fire, cancer and suicide. In these terms, Gorky's art becomes more intelligible as the carrier of an emotional burden which, in its final discharge of 1947-48, has the ominous inevitability of Van Gogh's crows.

But Gorky's art stands up fully without such biographical allusions, and Mrs. Schwabacher, fortunately, is as concerned with the paintings as with the painter. Her text, in fact, demonstrates that all too rare ability in writers of art books—to discuss particular pictures in a particular way—and offers the reader considerable assistance in seeing the intricate and elusive imagery of, to use her words, "the Ingres of the unconscious." Given the impetus of her analyses, one can understand all the more clearly, for example, how Gorky's early work prefigures his great late period—how the portraits of the 1930's already posit that complex structure of flat, broadly compartmented areas set aquiver by the tremulous, irregular human contours they contain; or how that quality of introspective fantasy, supreme in the final work, is prophesied not only formally in those loosely brushed overlays of paint that suggest cumulative memory experience, but in such subjects as the artist with an imaginary wife or the artist seen as a child beside his mother in an old, treasured photograph. One realizes, too, how the abstractions of the 1930's, which once seemed to follow so closely and impersonally upon the heels of Picasso, are not only distinctive, accomplished productions in their own

* *Arshile Gorky*, by Ethel Schwabacher (Macmillan, New York, \$8.50).



Above: *The Calendars* (1946-47); private collection, New York. Below: *Organization* (1933-36).



right, but are also crucial in strengthening the equilibrium of those expansive spaces which ultimately form the taut, resonant backdrop for the tenuous surface fluctuations of color and line.

Or one follows the evolution of the later years, in which Gorky concentrates on achieving an even greater fluency than that afforded him by Miró's example. In one of the versions of *Garden in Sochi*, that of c. 1941, this greater freedom of line has already emerged, only to reach a more impetuous liberty in 1945, in works like *The Unattainable* or *Landscape Table*, where the line darts dizzily across the thinly stained background like a water beetle skimming upon the surface of a pond. And at about the same time, Gorky's color attains an equally unparalleled liquidity. In *How My Mother's Embroidered Apron Unfolds in My Life* (1944), the canvas teems with those clotted, streaking colors which, while temporarily producing unsuccessful, congested paintings, were ultimately to be combined with their linear counterparts in the masterpieces of the last three years. Indeed, in these final works, Gorky not only weds the structural breadth and security of the 1930's to the fabulously fugitive line and color of 1944-45, but he realizes as well a direct contact between form and

ARSHILE GORKY

feeling. His colors throb and pulsate like psychic wounds; his line becomes an exposed nervous system of ganglionic clusters that carry emotive charges to the farthest reaches of surface and depth.

In presenting Gorky, Mrs. Schwabacher has devoted almost exclusive attention to the unraveling of the artist and his work. Confronted with so large a task, she has necessarily left to others the problems of assessing Gorky's stature and historical position, as well as the more detailed analysis of the specific pictorial environment which nurtured the final efflorescence of his art. There is the question of Matta, for instance, whom Meyer Schapiro, in his brief but illuminating introduction, mentions as the decisive factor in Gorky's liberation from copying. How much did Gorky derive from Matta's remarkable formal innovations, from his spidery whirlpools of line and vaporous, running colors? And what of Tanguy, whose Surrealist dreamscapes provide, as it were, sculptural counterparts to Gorky's equally imagined and evocative shapes and whose line drawings offer even closer analogies to Gorky's organic fantasies?

To acknowledge Gorky's debt to Matta or Tanguy is not to diminish his stature, but rather to realize even more acutely

*The Plow and the Song (1947);
collection Mr. and Mrs. Milton A. Gordon.*

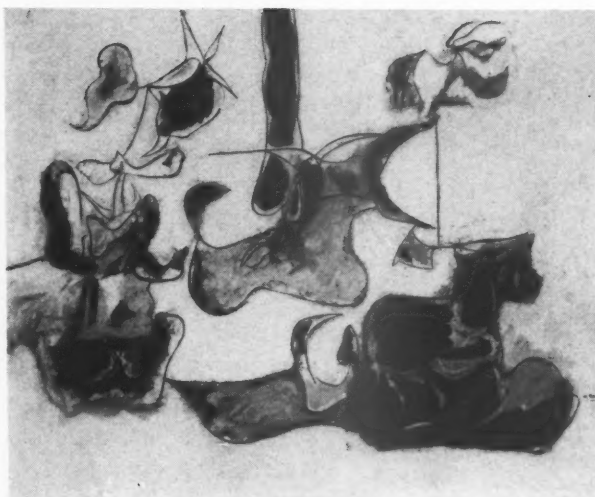


his greatness. In *The Calendars*, for example, there are infinite variations of depth and elasticity, yet these are all sustained within a taut cohesiveness of surface that makes Matta's violent spatial collisions look hectic in their sudden protrusions and gaping punctures. And in the same picture, one can admire as fully the unique sensibility of Gorky's color, which is perhaps approached only by certain works of Pontormo. The honeyed, fragrant voluptuousness of his lavenders, milky yellows, and gray-greens offset by small, brilliant dissonances of orange or vermillion is singular in Western art; indeed, it has the savor of Gorky's Near Eastern heritage.

Gorky's supremacy is not only apparent in his mastery of pictorial means. Of all the artists of Surrealist orientation, his imagery is surely the most poignant, dense and subtle in its search for some fundamental mode of experience which would equate the human subconsciousness with the vitality of natural processes in the lower orders of life. In *The Plow and the Song* series, for example, the animate network of churning, contorted cells and ducts suggests the cycle of fertilization and birth, but on such imaginative and multiple levels that it becomes, at the same time, an image of germinating plants, of crustaceans or insects emerging from their eggs, or ultimately, of some fundamental procreative impulse deep in the human psyche. And in the same way, Gorky's imagery can articulate the most evanescent states of mind, as in *The Limit*, with its slate-green evocation of some remote, arctic extremity of feeling, or in the distraught *Dark Green Painting*, with its frightfully precarious balance and sense of imminent catastrophe.

At his best, Gorky can rival and, I believe, even surpass the finest of Miró—which is to say that he is one of the major painters of our century. As such, his historical role demands close attention. Mrs. Schwabacher indicates that he may be seen as both the culmination of earlier trends (indeed, he seems to synthesize the very best of the Cubist and Surrealist traditions) and the prophet of further developments. In this light, however, it should be stressed how very different Gorky is from his "Abstract Expressionist" compatriots (a term Mrs. Schwabacher wisely avoids) with whom he is so often and so indiscriminately classified. Pollock, Still, Kline, Rothko and Guston belong to a world that could hardly be more alien to Gorky, and whatever connective links they may be found to have with him must be more apparent than real. Their language is monadic, and their pictures achieve their great potency by magnifying a minimal, irreducible image—a jagged black scrawl, a nuanced fabric of impressionist brushwork, a luminous expanse of color—to an enormous scale that dominates, even overpowers the spectator. Gorky, by contrast, belongs to an earlier tradition, for he uses the most complex varieties of pictorial vocabulary and syntax and always remains an easel painter, whose works depend on elaborate refinements of inner relationships rather than on bold assertions of an indivisible unit in a mural scale. It might even be questioned, in fact, whether Gorky's art really belongs to the recent American scene in any but a superficial sense. Indeed, his art is so retrospective and so inward that its fundamental inflections appear to stem from his Armenian childhood—just as Chagall or Miró in Paris always remained a Russian or Catalan painter, drawing upon experiences of the natal Vitebsk or Montroig. Confronted with the hermetic seclusion of Gorky's memory transformations of the Garden in Sochi legend, one really wonders if his art would have been significantly different had his family first brought him from the Caucasus to Paris instead of to Watertown, Massachusetts. It is not improbable that the only important effect of America on Gorky was a negative one—the postponement of his artistic maturity until the influx of European artists during the Second World War.

In any case, discussions of such questions must await future studies of Gorky and of the whole milieu of American painting during the last fifteen years. In the meantime, Mrs. Schwabacher's book stands as an important landmark in the field, combining, as it does, love and understanding with fact and analysis.

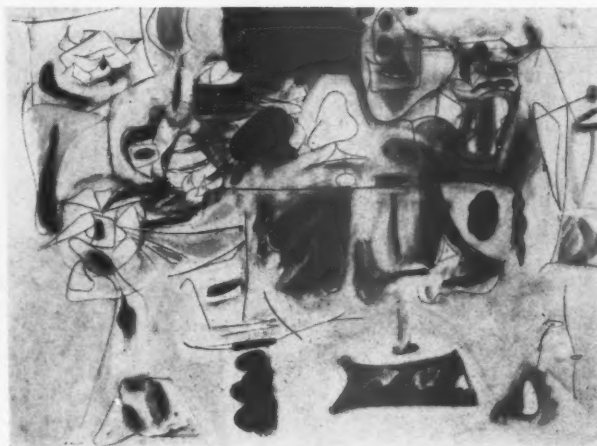


Study for *Garden in Sochi* (1941).

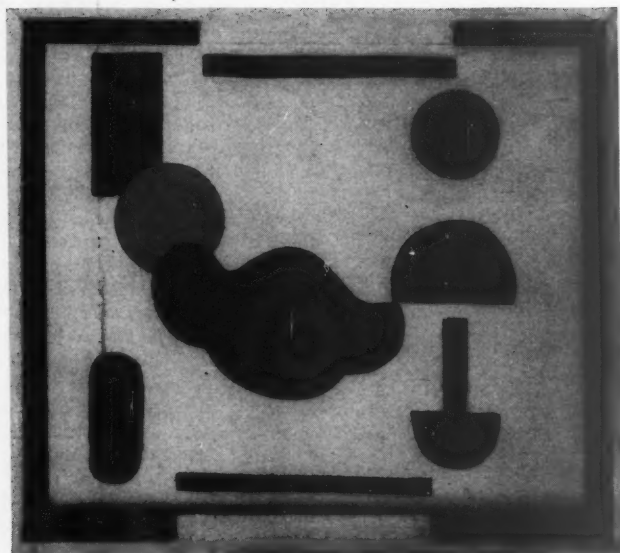


How My Mother's Embroidered Apron Unfolds in My Life (1944).

Landscape Table (1945).







Theo van Doesburg, STILL LIFE (1916).

THE WINSTON COLLECTION ON TOUR

An unparalleled display of Futurist works highlights a traveling anthology of twentieth-century art.

ONE of the most intriguing shows currently touring the country is "Collecting Modern Art," an exhibition which retraces a family's ever-broadening esthetic explorations while at the same time recapitulating the chief artistic movements of our century. Comprising 107 paintings, sculptures and drawings from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis Winston, this exhibition has already visited the Detroit Institute of Arts and the Virginia Museum of Art, Richmond. It will next be on view at the San Francisco Museum of Art (January 23-March 13) and the Milwaukee Art Institute (April 11-May 12). A visit to the North Carolina State Art Museum in Raleigh is projected for later in the year.

The traveling art anthology hails from Birmingham, Michigan, a suburb of Detroit, where it is usually integrated in Mr. and Mrs. Winston's comfortably unpretentious home. It represents Mrs. Winston's lifelong interest in art, as well as almost two decades of intensive, planned collecting. Born Lydia Kahn, Mrs. Winston is the daughter of the famous Detroit architect Albert Kahn, who exposed her to his respect for the old masters before sending her off to Vassar. The wife of a successful lawyer, Mrs. Winston has reared three children—and has drawn them and her husband into her enthusiastic pursuit of collecting modern art.

The scope of the Winstons' collection is ambitious. "So much of consequence and originality has taken place in the last half-century," writes Mrs. Winston, "that to discover who have made a definite contribution to twentieth-century vision



Opposite page: Gino Severini, DANCER BESIDE THE SEA (1913). At right: Jean Arp, LUNAR ARMOR (1938).



Umberto Boccioni, *LA MADRE: ANTIGRAZIOSO* (1913).



Francis Picabia, *PAYSAGE DE LA CREUSE* (1908).

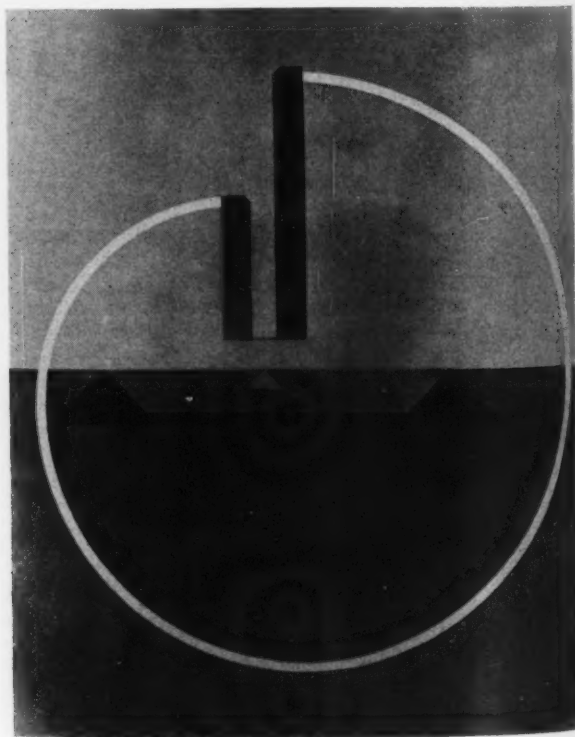
THE WINSTON COLLECTION

and thought has been our special interest." Not only an esthetic joy but an intellectual challenge, the forming of the collection has brought the Winstons into contact with numerous experts, and the couple look back with special gratitude to the insights provided by E. P. Richardson, Rose Fried, Katharine Kuh, Peggy Guggenheim and Daniel Henry Kahnweiler. Quite evidently the Winstons have traveled extensively. And their travels have meant stimulating exchanges with artists, with Brancusi, Severini, Calder, Arp, Gabo, Pevsner, Léger, Macdonald-Wright, Magnelli and many others—representatives of a fascinating diversity in the art world.

Today the Winston assemblage incorporates what is in all likelihood the world's foremost collection of Futurist works. Through Severini and through Benedetta Marinetti, widow of the founder of Futurism, Mr. and Mrs. Winston were able to cultivate at close hand their special interest in the school. Nine Severinis from the Futurist period, among them *Dancer beside the Sea*, are in the collection. In 1952 Mme Marinetti was persuaded to part with Balla's *Injection of Futurism*, which now neighbors in the collection with his *Path of a Gunshot*, *Study for Materiality of Lights* and *Study for Mercury Passing before the Sun*. Sironi is represented by a *Composition* and a *Dancer*. But the primary treasures in this category are the Boccioni bronzes, *Unique Forms of Continuity in Space* and *La Madre*, both acquired from Mme Marinetti, as well as *Development of a Bottle in Space*.

While strongest in Futurism, the Winston anthology does not scant the other important artistic movements of the twentieth century. The Cubists are present in force, not only the expected names, but also lesser-known contributors, Latapie for instance. Surrealism offers lively works by Ernst, Masson,

El Lissitzky, *PROUN NO. 95* (c. 1920).





Umberto Boccioni, STREET PAVERS (1909). The most gifted of the Futurists, Boccioni contributed to the movement as theorist, as painter and as its only sculptor. This canvas was executed the year of Boccioni's meeting with Marinetti, the founder of Futurism—and the year in which the first Futurist manifesto was issued. *STREET PAVERS* superficially suggests Cubist analysis, but its color range foreshadows the Futurists' declared renunciation of the sober Cubist palette.



Max Ernst, COMPOSITION (1926). In his native Germany Ernst studied not art but philosophy, and then went on to the anti-philosophy of Dada and Surrealism. The canvas above, painted at the height of his participation in the Surrealist movement, reveals a concept of pictorial space and perspective which Ernst shared with De Chirico, Tanguy and Dali.

Miró, Arp and Tanguy. Fauvism has not particularly engaged the collectors' attention, although Matisse is included, as are the Orphist Delaunay, the Dadaist Kurt Schwitters, the Synchromists Macdonald-Wright and Morgan Russell, and the Constructivists Gabo, Pevsner and Lissitzky. De Stijl is represented in Van Doesburg and Mondrian. The collection also includes the brilliant Bauhaus masters: Archipenko, Kandinsky, Klee, Albers, Feininger. And recent American art is represented not only by Marin and Pollock, but by young Abstract Expressionist painters of the Midwest.

"The originality of the Winstons as collectors," observes E. P. Richardson, "and the great interest of their collection for me, is that they have from the first grasped the significance of these movements of the twentieth-century mind and have pursued them carefully, understandingly, systematically, as others may have collected to represent more remote historical periods. Their collection represents decades of study, travel and persistent effort to find significant examples of each artist who took part and to illustrate each movement as a rounded, historical whole. This is a rarity in American collecting. It is also an effort which takes time and great persistence."

The persistence shows no sign of waning. The current tour of the assemblage, while serving as a recognition of past efforts, has also spurred the Winstons' enthusiasm for the future development of their collection. One suspects that their biennial trip abroad next summer will bring precious additions to what is already a unique anthology of art.

Below: Naum Gabo, LINEAR CONSTRUCTION IN SPACE NO. 2 (1950). At right, above: Antoine Pevsner, FIGURE (1928). At right, below: Joaquín Torres-García, SYMMETRICAL COMPOSITION (1931).



THE DELACORTE KYRIALE



*A manuscript treasure of the fifteenth century
reveals the little-known marvels of Italian miniature.*

CURRENTLY featured at the Delacorte Gallery in New York is an exhibition of illuminations and leaves from a precious Italian Kyriale of the fifteenth century, a work attributed to a master illuminator of the Ferrarese School and his assistants. The painted miniatures and leaves, in a remarkable state of preservation, offer a display of monastic scenes, of sacred figures and busts, together with foliate and floral designs, in bright and attractively tart color harmonies heightened by accents of gold leaf. Falling into a little-known field of art, the works are enlighteningly presented in a catalogue by Dr. Harry Bober of New York University's Institute of Fine Arts.

In Roman Catholic liturgical usage, "Kyriale" is the name for a volume containing the fixed parts of the Mass which are sung by the choir: the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus and Agnus Dei. The music for these prayers is indicated, in early examples, by plain-chant or square notation, employed at

least from the time of the School of Notre Dame in Paris, around 1200. In the Delacorte volume the opening miniature shows a Kyriale on its lectern in the church choir, with a group of monks singing the chant from its pages.

During the fifteenth century, so far as the art of Italian miniatures is concerned, Ferrara shared eminence with Siena, overshadowing both Florence and Venice. The present work, dated 1476, reveals the chief characteristics of the Ferrarese School at this time—elaborate architectural motifs, the distinctive border combinations of penwork with tight clusters of painted foliage and fruit. These pages were produced by a number of different miniaturists working in collaboration, and the viewer will readily discover specific traits in each of the participating "hands." The principal paintings are by the master illuminator, artist of the opening miniature, who stands out as a highly gifted and original personality.

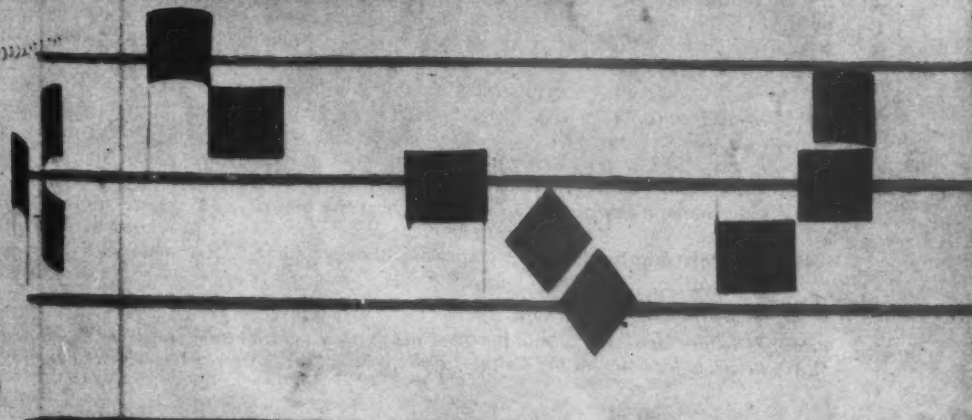


Monks in Choir, singing chant. The miniature bears the date 1476 and reveals the elaborate architectural motifs of the Ferrarese School.

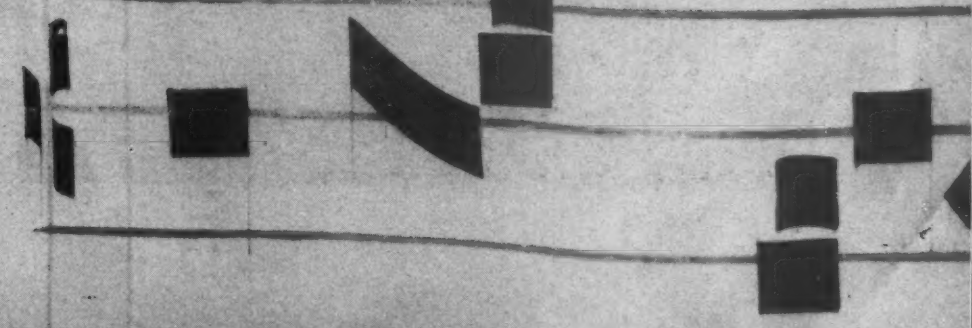
At left: **Virgin and Child**, possibly in a walled garden, representing the "Virgin as a Garden Enclosed." Opposite page: **Virgin and Child in Glory**, with a saint in adoration below.



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BLAKE AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

An exhibition of works in various media illustrates the phases in the career of this unique "outsider" genius.

BY ULRICH WEISSTEIN

COMMEMORATING the bicentennial of William Blake's birth, the National Gallery in Washington has mounted an exhibition of his works drawn from American collections, with the addition of certain specimens owned by Queen Elizabeth II and the National Trust in London. While barely half the size of the comprehensive Philadelphia exhibition of 1939, the show (which lasted from October 19 to December 1) well illustrates the major phases of Blake's career with pertinent examples executed in a variety of media: tempera paintings, watercolors, pencil drawings, color-printed drawings, line engravings and illuminated books. Missing are the famous Rossetti manuscript, the miniature portraits, the Dante drawings, the illustrations to Young's *Night Thoughts* and the large engraving representing Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims.

It is unfortunate that, hitherto, Blake's art has been largely identified with his engravings, while the other works were relegated to an inferior position in his pictorial canon. The explanation for this scale of values can be found in the high quality of his prints and in the historical fact that, from the time of his apprenticeship with Basire at the age of fourteen, Blake pursued the "eternal work" of engraving with special diligence. In doing so he followed his true calling; and while occasionally cursing the engraver's art "because it takes so much time and is so intractable," he readily admitted that it was also capable of a distinctive beauty and perfection. "If I am a painter," he would then add, "it is not to be attributed to my seeking after." This dictum certainly applies to Blake's temperas or, as he called them, fresco paintings; but it must not be taken to refer to his watercolors, many of which rank as high as the best of his engravings.

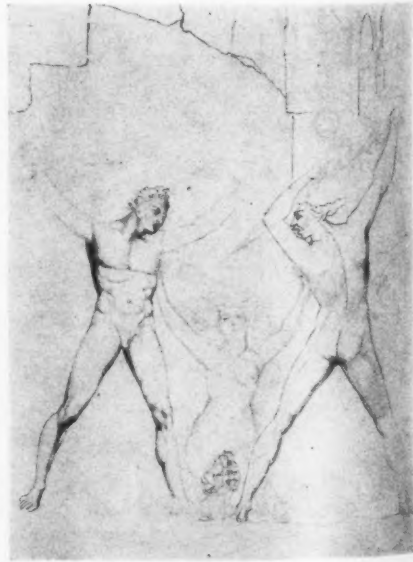
Recent scholarship has begun to emphasize Blake's achieve-

ment in the medium of drawing. How exquisite a draftsman Blake was can be gathered from the examples here reproduced. For those interested in the subject I can only recommend the two fascinating volumes in which Geoffrey Keynes has collected the majority of his sketches. *Satan at the Gates of Hell* illustrates an episode from *Paradise Lost* and is a study for one in a series of watercolors owned by the Huntington Library in San Marino, California. It strikingly displays Blake's mastery of form and outline and his knowledge of the human anatomy. *The Head of Corinna*, "the rival of Pindar," is conceived in a similarly classical manner and possesses sculptural qualities such as are rarely found in Blake's engravings. It is one of the visionary portraits which the artist drew around 1819 in the course of his nocturnal sessions with Varley, and of which the *Ghost of a Flea* is the most notorious.

The peculiar pleasure which the onlooker derives from a close inspection of Blake's drawings is partly due to the fact that here we catch the artist at a point of the creative process where fresh pictorial inspiration has not yet hardened into the visionary didacticism of the final product. For no matter how emphatically he denied it, Blake was and remained an astute observer of the material world; and his Platonic idealism would have remained an empty concept if he had not clothed it in the language of natural forms. Blake himself, incidentally, was very much aware of this dilemma when he wrote that "my abstract folly hurries me often away . . . to a Land of Abstraction where Spectres of the Dead wander."

A closer study of Blake's mentality suggests why his art is related to Surrealism rather than to Expressionism, which has sometimes been granted an affinity with his work. His

Below: *Visionary Head of Corinna the Theban*; courtesy the University of Kansas Museum of Art. Below, right: *Satan at the Gates of Hell*; courtesy the Evergreen House Foundation.





Elijah in the Fiery Chariot; courtesy Mrs. William T. Tonner.

visions are of an epic, not to say lyrical, cast, and they show little of that violence which goes into the making of the Expressionistic image. Their pictorial correlate reminds one more of Redon and Chagall than of Goya, Munch or Nolde. The pastoral calmness which prevails in many of them conforms to the passivity of the creative act; for they are not regarded as originals but as copies produced automatically and under dictation from above. In much the same way, Blake asserted that his poems had been written "without premeditation and even against my will." Nothing, indeed, could be more radically opposed to the practice of Expressionism, where the creative act is an assertion of the will, and where an inner turbulence forces its way into art in a furor of inspiration.

Throughout his life Blake persisted in the belief that his art was visionary—which is to say that he considered it to have been derived from mental experiences unrelated to the perception of natural phenomena. But while providing a clue for the understanding of Blake's aversion to realism, this definition of his art will hardly satisfy the inquisitive art historian. For him it will not suffice to know that Blake was suspicious of portraiture ("Of what consequence is it to the arts what a portrait painter does!"); nor will he acquiesce in the absence of landscape and genre painting from Blake's *œuvre*. This marked indifference toward nature, by the way, is much less apparent in Blake's poetry, where occasionally a world may be seen "in a grain of sand/ And a heaven in a wild flower." The paradox is easily resolved, however, if we contemplate the nature of

poetry: it evokes images without actually reproducing them, and by so doing it avoids the pitfalls of realism.

The real problem for the art historian arises in connection with his search for the pictorial sources of Blake's vision. To be sure, Blake himself quite openly favors copying from models. But how are we to interpret his statement "Servile Copying is the great merit of copying" in the light of his negative attitude toward imitation in general? Not long ago Anthony Blunt came forward with an ingenious solution. It is based on the observation that when copying an engraving or painting Blake did so exactly, and that the images which he copied became so firmly imprinted in his mind that he could draw on them instantly when he needed them as vehicles for conveying his visions. From this Blunt concludes that there was no need for Blake to preserve the copies he had made and, accordingly, no danger of conscious imitation.

Continuing this train of thought, it is easy to see why the originality of Blake's compositions lies not so much in the invention of individual forms as in their novelty of pattern. This does not mean, however, that all of Blake's patterns are faultless; far from it. Beginning with Fuseli—who accuses Blake of playing "on the very verge of legitimate invention"—many critics of his work have taken exception to the waywardness of his genius. And it takes no trained eye to see that Blake is overly fond of symmetrical arrangements, that he plays havoc with the human anatomy, and that his style is never far from being decorative.

BLAKE AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY



Samson Subdued; courtesy Mrs. William T. Tonner.

The Devils Mauling Each Other.



As for the pictorial sources themselves, a basis for their study has been provided by Anthony Blunt in an elucidative article published in the *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institute*, Volume VI (1943). Their range is, indeed, considerable; for in addition to the faintly traceable influence of antique statuary (Malkin, Blake's first biographer, mentions that the artist's father bought him plaster casts of the Gladiator, the Hercules and the Medici Venus), medieval and Renaissance art play an important part in Blake's esthetic education. Nor was the author of *Pitt Guiding Behemoth* and *Nelson Guiding Leviathan* unaware of Near Eastern and Oriental influences.

That Blake was familiar with the techniques of medieval book illumination is apparent from his own books of hand-colored relief etchings such as the *First Book of Urizen*. Much less obvious, though striking, is his knowledge of stained-glass painting, which is reflected in many of his color-printed drawings. In that connection, the *Elijah in the Fiery Chariot* here reproduced is doubly interesting because it seems to provide a connecting link between Blake and Georges Rouault. Blake's utter devotion to the art of Michelangelo and Raphael is fully expressed in his writings. But whereas Raphael's influence remains somewhat intangible, Michelangelo's spirit hovers visibly over many of Blake's greatest compositions. Characteristically enough, it is Michelangelo paving the way for Mannerism—not the classical master of the High Renaissance—who serves as Blake's artistic patron saint. So it comes that the watercolor entitled *Samson Subdued*, with its excessive emphasis on muscular structure and its elegantly curved, slightly elongated central figure, calls to mind Michelangelo's sketches for the *Battle*

of Casciano while at the same time foreshadowing Ingres's overrefined nudes. Nor should we forget to mention Giotto—whose influence on certain of Blake's designs for his illustrations to the Book of Job has escaped the attention of most critics—as well as certain German woodcuts and engravings of the Cinquecento. All these constitute the artistic vocabulary which went into the making of Blake's visionary language.

While it is by no means impossible to know and judge the formal components of Blake's *œuvre*, the problem of critical evaluation is much more complex if we also consider its content. Judged as pure design, Blake's art—like that of most visionaries—remains thoroughly puzzling. So much in it is strictly allegorical that without special initiation we cannot penetrate its obscurity. Blake himself, who denied the identity of "Fable or Allegory with Vision or Imagination," is loath to aid us in this operation. Indeed, he willingly accepts the handicap constituted by the fact that the world in which the visionary feels at home is inaccessible to the beholder. What T. S. Eliot says with regard to Blake's poetic genius is equally applicable to his pictorial imagination: it lacked a framework of accepted and traditional ideas which would have prevented the artist from indulging in a philosophy of his own.

IN A specifically pictorial sense, Blake's compositions give rise to the following, somewhat absurd speculation: If an artist considers his works to be genuine copies of visionary experiences, how is the critic to determine the quality of each copy, if he is denied access to the original? Moreover, if we are to believe Blake, several of these originals were "one-hundred feet in height, some were painted as pictures, some carved as basso relievos, and some as groups of statues." The "copies," then, which are our originals, must have been proportionately reduced in size—an assumption that, while perhaps contributing to our understanding of Blake's peculiar mentality, is clearly irrelevant to the critical evaluation of his work.

The matter is much less complicated in the case of works that are illustrations rather than coded messages, for here Blake had to put up with a given text which, no matter how idiosyncratic his interpretation of it, he could not altogether abandon as a model. For this reason, as well as for purely esthetic ones, the watercolors illustrating Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* possess a charm all their own. A sprightly visualization of the stories told by Corydon and Thyrsis, the *Goblin* is so fanciful and airy in both form and color that it reminds one of certain of Chagall's illustrations for the *Arabian Nights*. Milton's *Dream*, on the other hand, where Luna appears in the guise of Diana, is of a truly pastoral nature, although here too the landscape shows no trace of the specific.

As a man actively engaged in arranging a marriage between Heaven and Hell, Blake was slightly more critical in his attitude toward Dante's *Divine Comedy* when he illustrated it in the final years of his laborious life. The near-nobility of Calabrina's and Alichino's chiseled heads in *The Devils Mauling Each Other* would seem to indicate that there was a grain of truth in Blake's contention (as recorded by Crabb Robinson) that "Dante saw devils where I see none. I see only good." The most we could say about them is that they constitute Olympian caricature, much as the old Goethe liked to see himself raised to the stature of *Jupiter Tonans*.

For all the uniqueness of his genius, and very likely on account of it, William Blake is not now considered to be a classic such as Vergil and Dante are in literature and Michelangelo and Raphael in the plastic arts. He belongs rather to the comparatively large group of inspired artists whom one might characterize as "outsiders." And since the outsider can only stand at the beginning of a tradition (and not, like the classic, at its end), his chances of becoming himself a classic are negligible. The best that can be predicated of Blake from the historical point of view is that he has become a *spiritus rector* of at least one modern school of painting—a position of honor that is accorded to only a relatively small proportion of the outsiders.



Above: *The Wandering Moon*, an illustration for Milton's *IL PENSEROSO*; below, *The Goblin*, an illustration for *L'ALLEGRO*. Both works courtesy the Pierpont Morgan Library.





Gustav Klimt, *THE PARK*; at Museum of Modern Art.

MONTH IN REVIEW

BY SIDNEY GEIST

THE holiday season has been brightened at the Museum of Modern Art by the display (November 13-January 5) of gifts and purchases recently acquired. The ninety-six objects include a group of works by Frank Kupka which are shown in a room by themselves (see page 52); the remaining objects come from ten countries in Europe and the Americas, and are generally happy choices when European, unhappy when American, and unfortunate when they are works of sculpture. This is no reflection of the state of the arts; but it is a perfect reflection of the taste of the Modern, which is always surer in the realm of European painting than in any other.

Especially notable are two monumental canvases by Mondrian from his early and middle periods; a haunting De Chirico of 1915, *The Double Dream of Spring*; and an enchanting Redon (1912!). The Vuillard contains much power in a small space (nine by thirteen inches), the Rousseau is deceptively simple, and the Klee (1909) a charming exercise. A Boccioni of 1912-13 is the best painting we have ever seen from this artist's hand.

All these excellences are familiar and to be expected—even, since the Modern's show of German painting, the Schmidt-

Rottluff of 1912, the Macke of 1913 and the Heckel of 1912. And let us note within how brief a span of time they fall. But the Modern has made some interesting purchases of the work of artists much less familiar (here), hardly less remarkable, and who fall within the same extraordinary time-span. A landscape by the Austrian painter Gustav Klimt uses a pointillist technique and even Seurat's stylized division of space; but both are here pushed to the unusual point where they create a flat, "concrete" construction, rather than space and atmosphere. This picture, painted before 1910, lodges itself, both by its idea and its specific handling, at the origin of a whole tendency in contemporary painting. Two lively drawings by Klimt provide the transition to a series of drawings by his young admirer, Egon Schiele. Schiele, who is a legend in Austria, died at the age of twenty-eight; his fluent, easy drawings, touched with watercolor, are those of a natural draftsman. Their moods have something of Pascin, something of Grosz, but they carry a sense of tragedy and a burden of compassion which appear to be Schiele's alone.

Of the acquisitions of cisatlantic artists, only George Ault's New York night scene and René Bouché's portrait drawing reward examination. Ault, after being for years just an American artist (see the collection of the Whitney Museum of American Art), suddenly turns out to look like a Modern artist.

The twelve pieces of sculpture in this show have not been chosen with the perspicacity evident in the other acquisitions.

The Baskin is sodden, the Chadwick is merely in the way, the Prinner is useless, the Richier gauche, the McWilliam eclectic, the Butler an oddity and the Kelder a game. The Modern has gone far afield to garner these prizes while New York alone has a dozen sculptors producing work more interesting than any of them. With years of David Smith's work to choose from, it managed to land on a large piece, *History of LeRoy Burton*, that is only half Smith. Our winter of discontent is, if not made glorious, at least warmed by the presence of a bronze relief, *Chicago Circle*, by Smith, a small *Mermaid* by Laurens, and a handsome head in bronze by Fritz Wotruba, the first piece by this artist, if memory serves, to be seen in this neighborhood.

WHILE museum directors, collectors and dealers seem to prefer to do their shopping in London and Paris rather than at home, these United States continue to produce artists of a vitality and variety unmatched anywhere else at the moment. One need not cite Names; the point can be illustrated by a handful of artists, none of whom have wide reputations, chosen from the New York galleries. And let who will say whether they are Modern or American.

George Cohen, who comes from the Middle West and who was in the Modern's New Talent show early last year, shows seventeen paintings and a group of fresh drawings at the Alan Gallery (December 31-January 18). He is a fantasist, and as such exemplifies a strain in native art that existed long before, and continues independent of, Surrealism. Unusual themes, odd materials and surprising effects mark his canvases. When he paints Perseus upside down in combat with a black Medusa, a small round mirror flashes the battle; but Cohen can take these risks because he has a sure touch and an unerring color sense. In *AHS* the silhouette of a figure against a white field achieves startling levitation; Cohen is the man who could get our rocket off the ground, probably by painting it the right color.

No formal scheme, no safe patterning or architecture makes his pictures work. All is touch and go as the artist approaches the canvas with his eyes on the alert and his fancy free. In *White Figures* the canvas is an area in which signs, symbols, marks and strokes accumulate as on a cave or playground wall. But this is not a work of charm or accident, but of magic. For Cohen is nothing if not a magician. In fact, he has enough resources up his sleeve to leave his occasional alchemical symbols in the books they come from, and leave off painting works like *XXC*, which looks like a sign for a gypsy tea-room with some of the gypsy's hair stuck to it. His magic lies in his use of color and his sensitive touch. When he deploys them at the command of his unusual fancy he can always create his own symbols.

AFTER a season in a dim-lit hell of close-valued painting, Herman Cherry decided about a year and a half ago to come out into the clear, with all its colors and contrasts. He did so in two stages, both of which are on view at the Tanager Gallery (January 16-February 6): a series of black-and-white drawings, and a series of oil paintings on paper. Though seldom used here, the latter technique is much used in Europe. It is cheap, rapid, and combines the brilliance of watercolor with the solidity of oil; and Cherry has employed it to excellent effect, allowing the white paper to illuminate his bright, freshly applied color.

The drawings are large, about three feet across, and are brushed in black enamel with great speed on smooth paper. As a result they have the inner consistency of a spontaneously executed dance movement. Seen in series, they create the effect of a ballet of moods; and they are, indeed, a kinetic record of changing modes of feeling, each paper imposing its momentary strictures on the dance of the brush without impeding its evolution on the next.

Cherry calls his drawings *Variations on Four Themes*, but it would take a master psychologist or a writer of fiction to assign names to them. Just as they suggest landscape, cloud, rock and water, they as readily dissolve into a play of strokes—slashed,

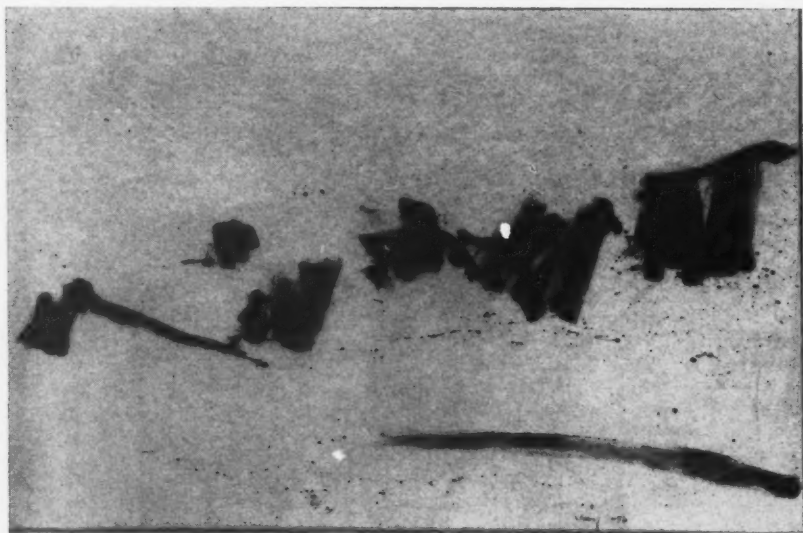


Fritz Wotruba, HEAD; at Museum of Modern Art.

George Cohen, WHITE FIGURES; at Alan Gallery.



MONTH IN REVIEW



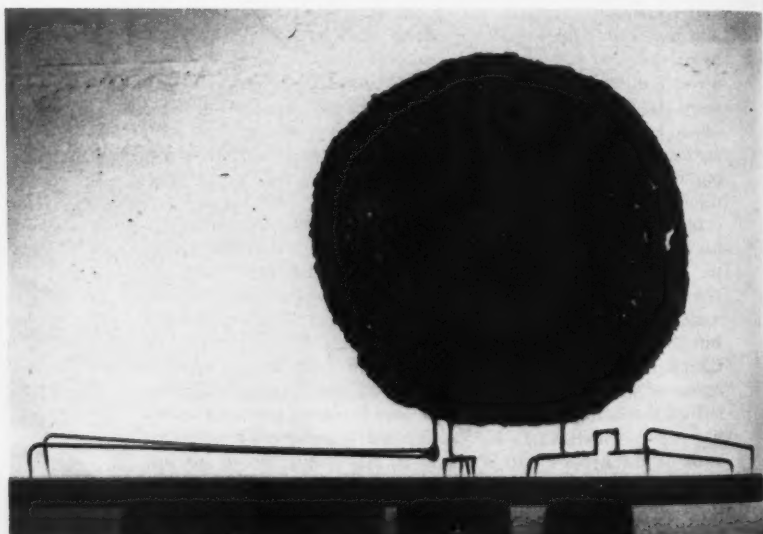
Herman Cherry, *THEME NO. 2*; at *Tanager*.



Sideo Fromboluti, *STILL LIFE WITH SERAPE*; at *Zabriskie*.



Arthur Elias, *STUDIO STILL LIFE*; at *Peridot*.



Albert Terris, *THE BALL*; at *Duveen-Graham*.

curving, chunky or feathery—only to precipitate into a variety of knots and dispersals of form, or manifest their cohesion in tension or fluidity. Fragments of these drawings remind us of fragments of Rembrandt or of Japanese drawing, but this is the compliment we pay the old masters for so often reminding us of modern art. For while using the means of calligraphy, these drawings are not calligraphic; they create neither symbol nor motif nor composition. Totally aniconic, they exist as gesture.

It is a common assumption that gesture, any gesture, anyone's gesture, is per se a matter of interest. But the art of gesture calls not only for skill in the artist but for character in the man. Cherry, as it happens, is a practiced, knowing, adult artist whose brush is fully capable of making equivalents for spiritual states; and the spirit he reveals is witty, lyrical and full of grace.

SIDEO FROMBOLUTI is a young painter whose real talents are obscured by the paintings exhibited at the Zabriskie Gallery (January 13-February 5). He appears as an Abstract Expressionist in full panoply—drips, loose brushwork, swooping

forms, large canvases. But this writer is not convinced; all the attitudes and gestures of the school are present, but lacking in orchestration. In the welter of shape and color, of stroke and counter-stroke, the image—the painted image—is lost, is not clinched. Fromboluti can paint gorgeous passage after passage, and fail of a total unity.

But it is in the two or three paintings that achieve unity that his personal talent makes itself felt. In these—*Trees and Rocks*, in green and clear areas of pink; *Pine Forest*, in earth red, green and black—Fromboluti works in large, full forms, his penchant for luscious painting under control as he makes subtle transitions from one area to the next. The slow-moving, heavy shapes of these pictures have a cumulative effect that is one of quiet power and serious sensuousness. Here, one is convinced, one feels the painter.

ONCE upon a time an artist's development was—or was thought to be—an orderly process marked by the gradual addition of colors to the palette, the slow growth of skill, an ever-mounting control of pictorial design. In recent years artistic development has appeared to be a matter of fits and

starts. Lately, however, it has manifested itself in complete somersaults of style—the painter of still life turns to flamboyant abstraction, the gay decorator turns to realism, and the painter turns to sculpture. A canvas done two months ago is called old; in the space of two years an artist's work may become utterly unrecognizable—and that is what has happened to Arthur Elias.

Elias has for some time exhibited pictures of a most personal character—mysterious, highly stylized still lifes in a muted key of brown, black and gray, employing tightly knit clusters of forms painted in clear, strong strokes. All that has changed. In his show at the Peridot Gallery (January 13-February 8) he is exhibiting ten canvases done in the last two years, painted in a full scale of colors and of a quite explicit realism. Their manners range from a stiffly designed Purism at one end to a fuzzy Impressionism at the other. They give the impression that Elias is not yet at home with the full palette, and that his struggle with unambiguous form has cut his poetry.

Happily, there are two exceptions: *Still Life with Red Box*, a somber massing of objects painted in gentle touches of red, brown and blue, and *Studio Still Life*. This altogether splendid and powerful canvas is an amalgam of Elias' former interest in quiet color and his new concern with objective nature. It is a complicated picture which evolves both in depth and on the surface, which has a lively interplay of mass and linear motif, and which unites its many elements into an order of irrevocable monumentality.

SCULPTURE is so difficult a discipline that many sculptors, once they find a *modus operandi* congenial to themselves, are satisfied to stick to it for years regardless of how useful it is in expressing sculptural ideas; and this is called style. The exact opposite of this type is Albert Terris, a welder, whose sculpture at the Duveen-Graham Gallery (January 7-January 25) rings with ideas that reverberate beyond their metallic stuff.

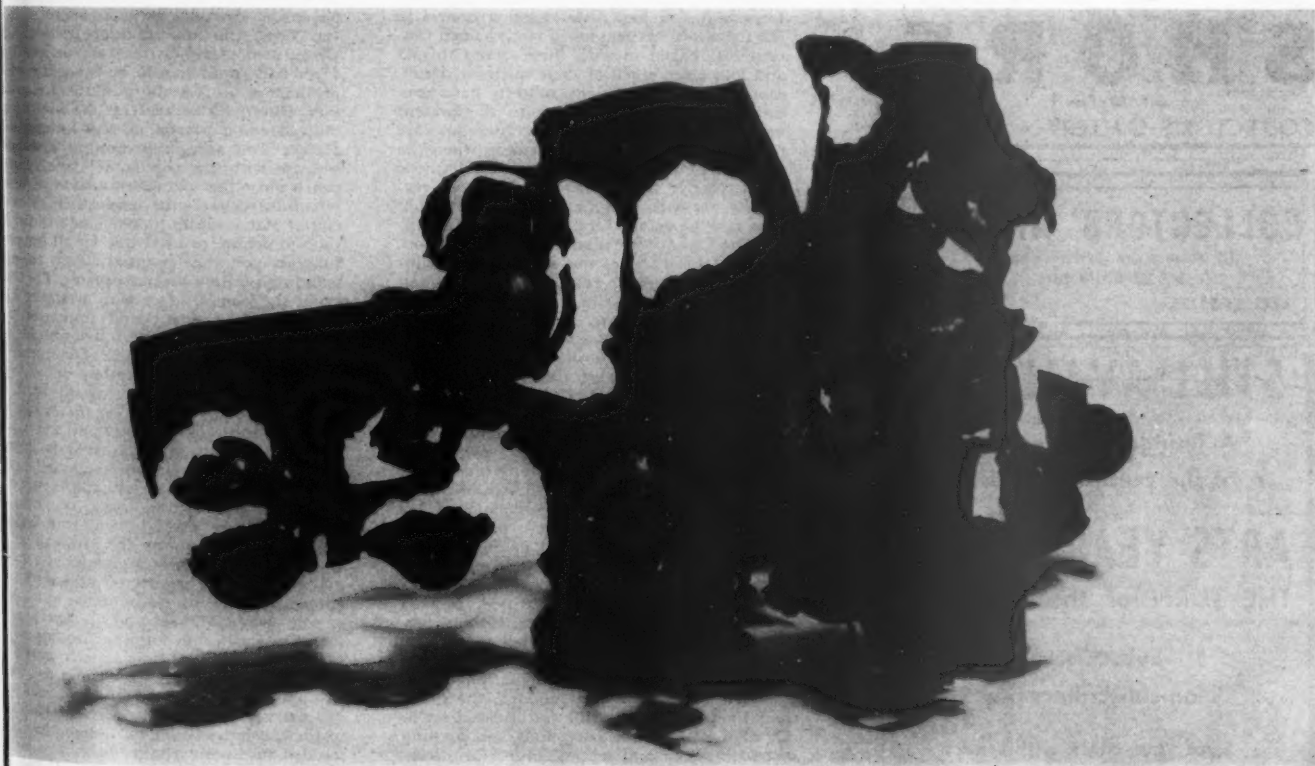
Terris is especially interested in the tensile quality of metal, and in his exploration of this quality pushes his constructions

to extremes, pinning large, blossoming forms to slender rods, sending structures six feet into the air on elastic legs of steel, or balancing a group of forms on a bouncing spring held down by a chunk of metal. He is interested not only in the outside of forms but in their insides, and has used sheet metal to make pierced shell-like objects which have an actual inner life: *The Ball* is a fascinating flattened sphere, made of bits of steel and weld, that looks like a charred and burned-out planet; *Head Called Totentanz* is a steel skull that one may hold in the hand without repugnance as one meditates on death.

But it is life that Terris is really interested in, the life of forms in the life of people. A number of his works are in what he calls "non-fixed relationship." They are loose parts or arrangements that call for participation and rearrangement; a set of such constructions made with chain and heavy twisted rod are creatures of order and accident, of plan and contingency. They raise the old nail puzzle to the realm of rare art. *Wrestlers* is a bright assembly of rods and solid forms that may be placed to rest in any of several positions, and always with profit. Altogether fresh, and startling in its realization and possibilities, is a series of pieces called *Crushed Sculpture*, made by beating, bending and cutting sheets of metal without the premeditation that attends forging. Terris here liberates a new set of forms which are rescued from chaos only by his artistic tact.

For if, from this discussion, Terris appears to be operating on the level of mechanics, let it be said that his drawing is always precise and incisive, his craftsmanship exquisite, and his intentions, both esthetic and social, perfectly pitched. He has written a telegraphic catalogue introduction which, if read in connection with his work, is a quick education in modern sculpture; if it were expanded it would put critics out of business. Terris is a thinking artist, and in his first one-man exhibition he shows himself to be the most original metal sculptor to appear in several years.

Terris, SPHERES NO. 2; at Duveen-Graham.



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MARGARET BREUNING WRITES:

A new significance in religious themes as interpreted by Fred Nagler . . . striking portraits by Pietro Annigoni . . . the authority of Gorman Powers' Mexican and New England canvases . . . D. H. Fraser's first American exhibition . . . a vigor of presentation in Rosenquitt's work . . .



Bernard Rosenquitt, CHILDREN PLAYING CHECKERS; at Roko Gallery.

CONSIDERING the centuries through which Christian themes have been depicted by artists, it might appear that there was nothing further to say about them. Yet Fred Nagler, in his recent paintings, demonstrates that a fresh, personal interpretation of them can bring a new significance. The early Renaissance artists, who could obtain commissions for their work only from the Church, naturally presented scenes from the Bible or legends of the saints. Soon a VIP of the time wanted his portrait as a donor included. Even Masaccio had little kneeling donors in the corners of his majestic *Trinity*. Then classical lore edged in with these sacred themes and took over much of their spiritual significance. Yet such religious subjects have continued to be painted down to the present moment with only too many contemporary renderings coming out as travesties when the artists try to present them in modernistic terms. Nagler has approached his work reverently, yet with imaginative conceptions that lend new aspects to familiar stories. His canvas *The Last Supper* is an unusual conception, showing the disciples not seated at the supper, but as though awaiting it, clustered about the figure of Christ, in attitudes that reflect their characters. Another unusual depiction is given in *Bewilderment*, in which the little group of followers and relatives are gathered at the foot of the cross, on which the crucified form is still suspended, all apparently overwhelmed by both anguish and astonishment. The work is poignantly effective. Nagler's paintings have always been colorful and fluently set down, but often with an imprecision of form and design. Now he appears to be in mature command of his resources, securing soundness of plastic forms in relevancy of design. *Christ before Pilate* is an imposing figure, a bulky mass set against a deep spatial background where the heads of spectators are vaguely revealed. It is a majestic presence, yet imbued with a tenderness far removed from the saccharine, emasculated effect of many such representations. A respite during the flight into Egypt shows the figures of the Madonna, the Child and Joseph, as well as the faithful ass, set in an idyll of vernal clarity under an arching sky of brilliant and radiant blue. (Midtown, Jan. 1-25.)

PAINTINGS by the Italian artist Pietro Annigoni present an astonishing contrast to the popular school of drip-and-drizzle painting and splintered design, for they are based on reality—but reality raised to a degree of exalted chantage through brilliant craftsmanship and selective vision. It might be thought that his work, if it is akin to late Baroque, is "champing at the bit." Nothing could be further from the case. He has both adopted and adapted much of the syntax and idiom of classic Baroque painting in a personal, modern ideology. While there are some awesome majestic figures, such as the Sybil, the *Maharani of Jipur* and the Greek *Mme Livanos*, they are majestic creatures and could hardly be brought down to ordinary scale. Yet the portrait of *Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II*, is the most ingenious, a serious, engaging portrait of this sovereign. I have ever seen, representing a charming woman with no regalia of tiara, ropes of sky. The pearls or other paraphernalia usual in portraiture, but with only an Order of the Garter star casually tucked into a fold of her robe to denote royalty. But for all her graceful, easy pose, her essential dignity and commanding position are inescapable. The rather grim *St. Joan of Arc*, with wrapping folds of a rough garment and disheveled hair, looks much as the young warrior might have appeared without her armor. The large Biblical scenes, such as the casting out of devils into the swine, or the crowded figures of *The Way to the Sermon on the Mount*, are fine examples of organization and spatial design, but seem too contrived to interest. Some of the small landscape canvases (small that is, in comparison with these large canvases) are outstanding items; one notes in particular *The Old Garden*, with feathered old trees rising above the red wall and gate opening to admit a glimpse of a formal garden. A large group of drawings is included, in differing media, often with a flash of color wash. They display his superb draftsmanship and would form an arresting exhibition by themselves. It is scarcely needful to emphasize the beauty of textures and colors in these paintings or the exquisite consistency of surfaces. The figures are not sculptural in the classic tradition, but seem to have been molded into tense vitality from some inward compulsion. (Wildenstein, Dec. 11-Jan. 18.)

ROMAN POWERS' paintings of Mexican and New England themes are equally authoritative in sensitive perception of essentials and ability to render them in pictorial terms. On the hurricane canvases, the violent upsurge of seas beaten by turbulent winds, the strophe and antistrophe of tempestuous movements are vividly rendered with the tonal effects of the agitated depths. *Fog, Daybreak*, is in a contrasting, quiescent mood; dark cliffs soar up into a pallid atmosphere, a wan moon almost obscured by filmy clouds increases the eerie effect. In both these phases, the artist's keen observation and sensibility to moods of nature are felt. Fantasy is sustained in the canvases of small figures emerging against backgrounds of woven threads or splinters of color. An outstanding canvas is *Fiesta Tepalcates*, showing church towers rising out of a repulsively dimness and night, while the open doors of the church pour radiance over a processional throng of white-clad figures. The nice adjustment of the little figures to the mass of the church and their sharp illumination in the streaming light bring this scene from the picturesque to the pictorial. Drawings of plant forms are also shown, carried out as simple linear curves against large areas of white background. (Rehn, Jan. 6-25.)

The British artist Donald Hamilton Fraser is holding his first American exhibition, at the Rosenberg Gallery. He is a vehement action painter, attacking his canvases with heavy brushing of intricately related planes that usually have no modulations of color, but occasionally obtain tonal variations through light patterns. He appears, like many of our contemporary artists, to be obsessed with the sheer manipulation of paint. It must be agreed that he often obtains striking effects through this handling of his *matière* in rich substance of forms, and the movement in the "dramatic" and retreating planes often is from the most explosive. *Seascape in Red and Black* depicts much of the canvases in which impetuous Baroque attack seems to obscure the image; its foreground masses of heavy bright-red and black, such as the shapes of the dramatic personae, while the distant sea is a tiny trickle of pale green. *Stormy Sea* and *Gathering Storm* are impressive paintings that seem to be symbols of Her Majesty's power. The romantic *Morning Star* shows a sailboat on the foaming crest of a giant comber, and in a world of nebulous charms, a tiny star pricking the vast expanse of sky. The still lifes are all appealing, particularly the thrusting spike of *Green Flower* and the decorative *Falling Leaves*. (Rosenberg, Dec. 9-Jan. 11.)

BERNARD ROSENQUIT's paintings are marked by an intensity that is due not only to their vigor of presentation in slashing brush strokes and massive figures, but also to an impression of an intrinsic inner life. *The Secret* might be taken as an epitome of his work. In it a luminous plane seems partly to emerge from the pattern of planes encompassing it. His distortion of forms does not appear as an affectation, but as a personal ideology of expression, conforming to imaginative conception. In *Supper of Discontent*, the row of heavy, downcast faces conveys a mood, without need of motivation. The composition is curious, yet effective, the vertical forms of the figures, cut by the horizontal of the table, supplemented as it were by the minor theme of the thin legs outstretched beneath it. Rosenquit works in varied media—etching, wood block, lithograph, gouache—and is technically more skilled in these than in his oils, which tend to have a blotched surface. His etchings, particularly, possess delicate, precise lines in concentrated designs. However, all his various modes of pictorial expression have a simplified candor of statement conveying a subjective significance. (Roko, Jan. 6-30.)

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IN THE GALLERIES

Frank Kupka: Among the recent acquisitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the most important are the works by the Czech-born French painter Frank Kupka, who died in June, 1957. A pioneer in the development of abstract painting, he was very influential before the First World War, then sank into obscurity and has only recently been rediscovered. He was the first artist in Paris to exhibit a completely abstract painting, a work called *Fugue* which was shown at the Salon d'Automne of 1912, and he also exhibited the first geometric abstraction, *Vertical Planes*, at the Salon des Indépendants. The works acquired by the Museum, which are on display in a special room, include some of the key canvases in his revolutionary development, as well as a selection of 550 sketches which the artist presented to the museum. The earliest painting is the *Child with a Ball*, a picture of the artist's daughter in a style recalling that of the Swiss painter Hodler. From this came the sketch *Variation on the Ball*, which reveals his growing preoccupation with abstract form. Perhaps the most striking of these works is the one showing the small, naturalistically painted face of Madame Kupka appearing rather surprisingly in the midst of strongly stroked, brightly colored verticals. In this canvas, Kupka's indebtedness to Seurat and the Pointillists is evident in his architectonic design, and his use of brilliant colors set one next to the other. Also interesting is the *First Step*, a visual representation of the solar system, while the well-known *Red and Blue Disks* with its beautifully superimposed colors shows his study of color theories which anticipated Delaunay and the Synchronists. The importance of Kupka's historical position cannot be denied, but from a purely artistic point of view, his work does not stand up to that of the contemporary Cubists or Kandinsky. (Museum of Modern Art, Nov. 13-Jan. 5.)—H.M.

Richard Stankiewicz: A simple four-pronged abstraction seems to keynote the exhibition. In its long, alert angles, it is the essence of the bird concept which Stankiewicz goes on to develop in many delightful variations, starting with the sturdy *Country Bird* with a proud neck like a domesticated ostrich, and the multi-legged, multi-

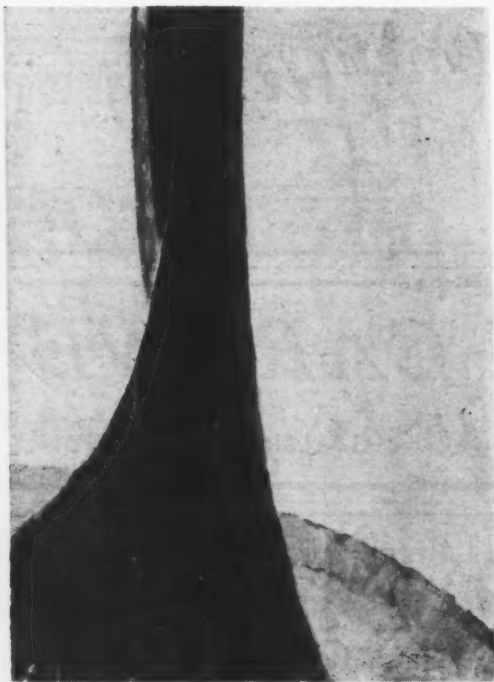
armed, seemingly revolving *City Bird*. *My Bird* is a complicated affair; the ostrich becomes metaphysical. The neck is not articulated as with the more ordinary birds; a steel wire travels up to the soaring head. Largest of all is *The Golden Bird*, whose body is composed of a piece of corroded tank. But this creature has extraordinary poise withal, and balances the inter-layered scraps of its composition on one foot, the foot poised at the edge of the base. *Speckle Bird Shy* has the essence of fowl in the articulation of its limbs, and a most inviting internal anatomy that can be seen through the perforations of the body. *No Bird*, sharp and spiny in its rhythms, is very fine and elegant, an abstract refinement. In many more abstract sculptures, a number of relationships are created among the used parts of iron and steel as Stankiewicz knits them together with what seems to be an increased concern for their hidden facets, and attention to inner relationships; they seem like figural entities that have become helplessly enmeshed together, held in tension, not too comfortably. As usual, each shape asserts its character and the corroded surfaces remain what they are. There is immediate communication somehow in the nakedness of this craft combined with the witty statement. Of course it is a gift of animation to bring such rusty materials to life. But beyond the delights of that achievement are deeper subtleties which increase the pleasure of recognition—the intricate struggle of forms caught in tensions that are essentially familiar. (Hansa, Dec. 16-Jan. 4.)—S.B.

Miyoko Yanagita: Powerful elements of both Eastern and Western painting are brought together here: a facility with line and simplified, isolated shapes as well as brilliant Fauve color and composition that is acquainted with Cubism. These are used to describe deep mountain scapes, a rolling stream below; the absolute fullness of four-petaled flowers, echoed by fading shadows of themselves and gathered about a dark trunk; the sudden void that falls beyond a craggy rock. But Mme Yanagita introduces a characteristic, darkly strong current that derives not so much from any tradition as from, one supposes, her own personal history. Her strikingly decorative paintings are in no sense gay;

heavily weighted by a wide white line, formed in an initial batik process, and by large areas indicated by batik patterns of repeated circles or swirls, they have often a solemnly awkward quality about them, an intentness on some purpose that is not discernible. In a fine conte drawing, an exception to what is noted above about the paintings, Mme Yanagita displays delicate details of *Flowers* set against a refined interplay of stylized leaf forms. (Raymond & Raymond, Jan. 8-22.)—A.V.

Mondrian: Although it is generally understood that all of Mondrian's art was a quest for what he called "concrete universal expression," it is in his work of the early years that the struggle is particularly touching. And the clarity that emerges from each deep study is consistently fine. This definitive selection of forty paintings and drawings, most of them done between 1904 and 1920, records the numerous impulses that brought Mondrian finally to his chosen geometric idiom. His last painting, *Broadway Boogie Woogie*, is included as its summation. While there are examples of pure abstract research, most fascinating are the abstractions from nature: extremes from Fauvism to grisaille. Two small studies of *Dunes*, circa 1909, illustrate conflict between the outside influence of emotive coloration and the innate concern of Mondrian with volumes in pictorial space. One can see how he began with Cubism enthusiastically (*Nude*); after pursuing his own researches with *Trees* and other landscapes (in which he finds voluptuous curves to represent an apple tree in bloom), he abandons all curves and broken forms for the more austere problems of checkerboards and linear compositions. Finally, when primary colors came into his geometric compositions, they made all the difference, and his transition was made from static space to the dynamics which became so influential. (Guggenheim Museum, Dec. 11-Jan. 19.)—S.B.

Selected Works III: The third major exhibition at the Museum of Primitive Art is devoted to color in sculpture and ceramics. It comprises some sixty of the almost nine hundred objects owned by the museum. Many styles and cultures are represented, dating from the ancient to the modern period, but in all cases the objects have been chosen with color in mind, either of the material itself or of the paint covering its surface. The colors, usually made from earth pigments so that browns, yellows, reds, and black



Frank Kupka, CURVING VERTICALS (study); at Museum of Modern Art.



Piet Mondrian, SELF-PORTRAIT; at the Guggenheim Museum.

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and white predominate, are applied to the sculpture and pottery—the bark paintings of Australia and a Peruvian textile being the only exception in this exhibition. The color may be magic, or it may be associated with some particular experience, such as black with death, or red with living flesh, but more commonly it is purely decorative, adding to the splendor and beauty of the objects. The selection of works on display has been dictated by esthetic rather than anthropological considerations, for this museum is interested in bringing out the unique beauties of primitive art. From this point of view the choice is certainly a success. Many superb objects are displayed, among them the large Memorial Figure from New Ireland which with its intricate carving and painted decoration makes a complex design. Among the clay figures, the seated women in the shape of whistles from Campeche and the charming smiling figure from Santa Cruz are outstanding. In both of these works there is a very modern feeling for the plastic form, and at the same time a deeply moving human expression. Of North American objects, the most remarkable is a head ornament from British Columbia executed in wood with shell inlay, a work which combines beauty of abstract design with symbolic meaning. Many other fine objects might be mentioned, but it is impossible to list them all. (Museum of Primitive Art, Oct. 30-Feb. 9.)—H.M.

Paul Mommer: The most recent paintings of Paul Mommer indicate a tendency to abstract, in a formal and detached manner, from subjects that had originally a personal significance for the artist. Here is significance becoming symbol, a shoving-down to essence or to what the artist sometimes terms "hieroglyph." Mommer in this way transforms the personal into an object which lives within itself, in its own terms, and almost without reference to the artist's life. Mommer himself says, "There should be a definite awareness of a concept when a man says something," but actually his paintings as they finally evolve (he does many versions of the same subject) are distinct entities whose reference to a concept of any kind can only be incidental. Particularly striking is *The City*, with its boldly concentrated, massed forms, its use of circular apertures to enliven and control, its stark verticals, its lack of confusion. *Eastern Hieroglyphic*, a skeletal rendition of mosque-inspired forms, is an interesting abstraction whose ladder-like central figure plays contrapuntal harmony with white forms and black

masses of diverse shapes. Mommer's many church subjects vary in degree of abstraction, but one church painting in particular, in which a broad wall surrounds and contains the subject, conveys a definite sense of soundness and peace—which is what the artist intended. *Bowery Hieroglyphic* is a sensational reduction in black and white of a subject that had originally moved the artist with its pathos. Many portraits are included in the exhibit; they are direct and basic, sometimes reminding one of Cézanne, but there are no two the same. The one of Arshile Gorky is pure, dynamic almost to the point of caricature. (Washington Irving, Dec. 9-Jan. 1.)—E.G.

Adolph Gottlieb: Gottlieb does not think of landscape when he works, and certainly not of the Romantic's Nature of seasonal cycles and experiments in green, but a quasi-nautical sensitivity—the kind that judges intensities of wind and tide—reveals itself in this group of declarative canvases. Where *Solitary* is like a hot day when the breeze has died (the paint thick and dry, the sun and earth elements isolated), *Compression* gives us a rip-tide buffeting of choppy waves and spray. *Burst* (seen previously with *Black Band* and *Bias Pull* at the Jewish Museum) emphasizes the abstract opposition of stable and turbulent, but *Red, Black and Gray*, the work immediately following it in time, treats the entire field with a kind of panoramic freedom and casualness, asserting Gottlieb's inclination to work in different modes and ignore the trends which critics postulate for him. (Emmerich, Jan. 2-31.)—C.B.

Jan Muller: *The Temptation of St. Anthony*, his latest painting, is his best. The chalky nudes that inhabited his earlier, Faustian orgies are there, but their white or green bodies have been modified to a rectangular shape shot out with wooden limbs. These bodies trail about after emphatic heads; one red-faced creature on the left barely makes it. Muller's paintings have always been formally composed; taken along with his slashed-on paint, primitive color and brutalized human figures, they seemed almost a parody of formalism. In *The Temptation*, however, there is a meeting of elements—less brutalized figures, a freer, almost wheeling arrangement involving a contrast of stock-still dark forms with flying light ones—a wholeness that brings this off as a summation of his painting experience and serves as an indication of more gigantic efforts to come.

In the present show also are several good-sized figure studies, most notably *Six Figures*, in which two of the female nudes are upside down; an emerald-green, orange-haired maid is central to the horizontally arranged group. Here the exaggeration of the faces—brilliant blue swipes of eyes, green cheeks, red mouths bursting with teeth—and the stage-proppish trees behind somewhat mock the essentially calm disposition of the group, which is reinforced by the band of colors in the background. Among the smaller paintings shown are panels hooked together to open up and reveal inner paintings or to hang one under the other. These deliver the intensity of the artist's conception of the figure, but it is in the larger work that such intensity is less readily spent, having become more complicated by the problems that engage him when his scale is grand. (Hansa, Jan. 6-25.)—A.V.

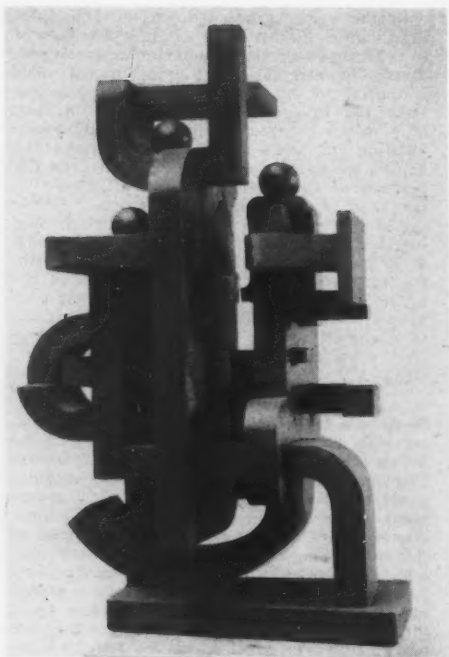
Sculpture 1880-1957: From Rodin's nude *Balzac* with arms folded, the embodiment of the living flux that he surveys, to David Smith's *Pilgrim*, a naked image whose erect angular stride might cut through mountains, the differences are those of two different poles. And while several of their works act as magnetic poles in this exhibition, there are also some considerable sculptors in between. There are full-sized peasant bathers by Maillol, one kneeling and one standing. In spite of the emptiness of their faces, the archness in their wrists and fingers, they are permanent—by grace of exquisitely smooth feminine volumes. Despiau's too is an organic sculpture, one that is now on the side lines. While he was known largely for portrait heads during his lifetime (he died in 1945), it would seem that such torsos as *Adolescence* and *The Bather* have an Attic solidity underlying the refinement of surface that is definitely worthy of respect. The dark horse, though, is Matisse. It is unusual to see so many (five) of his rare sculptures in one exhibition. Contrary to the French classicists, to Despiau and Maillol, Matisse did not seek to extol the flesh, but to reshape it—so that he could then go on to reconsider it, in fact, in painting at different stages in his *oeuvre*. Each piece marks an important change in his attitude toward the rhythms and volumes of the figure. Even today the *Decorative Figure* is daring; it was done in 1906. The twisting of the limbs, arching of the waist and the mincing mouth compose themselves into the boldest assertion of artifice—altogether pointed up by the relaxed absurdity of



Adolph Gottlieb, COMPRESSION; at André Emmerich Gallery.



Jan Muller, THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY; at Hansa Gallery.



Joseph Konzal, *PARADE*; at the Riverside Museum.

John Hultberg, *LAKE*; at Martha Jackson Gallery.



the position. Another important milestone is Matisse's heavy, square *Seated Nude* (1925) which is known also in the Cone Collection. It marks a time of purging, a reaction against softness and luxury and a reconsideration of the solidity in human volumes, that value, implicit in Matisse's work, which made all the difference. German sculptors are also well represented: Barlach, who might better have worked in wood than in bronze (he stems from the former tradition); Kolbe, whose soundness is exemplified by a *Crouching Girl* (although that piece suffers in comparison with a similar one by Rodin); animals by the precise simplifier, Mataré; and a stirring Lehmbruck, *Bather Turning Back*. Degas, Picasso (ceramics—a squawking owl and two handsome plates), Laurens, Henry Moore—not to forget at least two important works by Lipchitz, a vigorously Cubist example from 1916 and the *Theseus* (1942), a rhythmic complex of mythopoetic energy. (Fine Arts Associates, Dec. 10-Jan. 11.)—S.B.

Directions in Sculpture: Fourteen sculptors present modified one-man shows which reveal a diversity of directions and a fluctuating level of achievement. Louise Nevelson is grave but whimsical, her handling of wood subtle and almost ritualistic: *Little Mansion* is like a child's play hut, a safe refuge which belongs to the artist (she inscribes her name on the inside of the open door) but welcomes the visitor. Richard Stankiewicz mocks Art with abrasive wit in *Untitled*: a carefully selected agglomeration of scrap metal is arrayed within an iron bed frame, the battered neck of an ancient trombone making ironic reference to the world of *objets*. Sidney Geist's congenial totems sparkle with primary colors but seem to tread uneasily on the line which separates the childlike from the childish; we go over the brink with the brightly painted metal objects of Edgar Negret, which have the fascination of ballistic toys. Joseph Konzal achieves freshness with his rugged jointing of bolts of wood, but he, too, occasionally strains our credulity: *Revelation* will dismay some with its similarity to toy robots. The kind of wit associated with an Osborn cartoon is deployed by Martin Craig: we expect *Enchanted Bird* to reach dazedly through the cage and fill his cup. Not the casual flight of birds but the rigid formation of jets is suggested in Richard Cronbach's stables: the shapes are crowded and interlocked, and in *Walpurgisnacht* the thickness of the supporting wire connotes a space-age musical instrument. The rhythm which propels Picasso's 1925 *Dancers* agitates Sidney Gordin's jagged figures: the

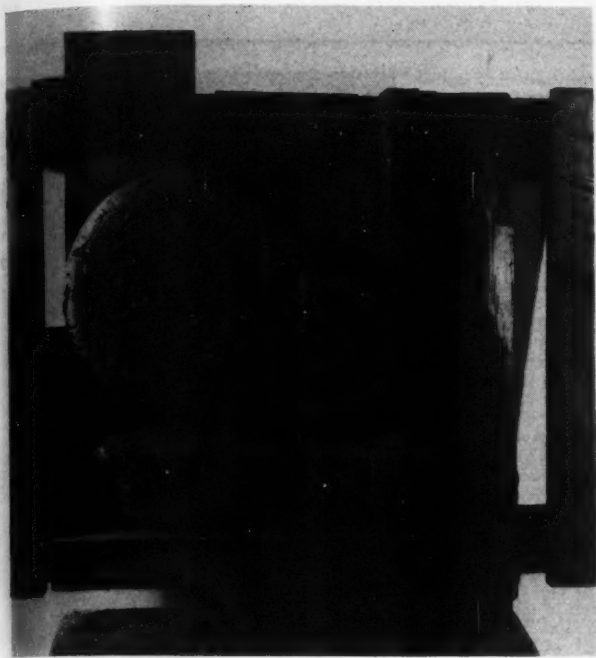
gestures take a similar form in *11.16.57*, but other pieces display an independent alacrity. Small, compact entanglements by Dorothy Dehner present Old Testament images or new creatures (*Deer Woman*) has the squiggly discomfort of the just-born. The rough caulked planking of sailboat hulls is evoked in Gabriel Kohn's wooden sculpture: *Dylan Thomas (Homage)* is an ambitious totem with bulky forms radiating from a central shaft, but the structure is piecemeal and the metaphor does not quite cohere. Rhys Caparn's group includes two plaques which are like amorphous landscape painting transplanted to relief, with trees and rocks jutting forth somewhat adventitiously to remind us that a sculptor is at work. A penchant for melodramatic gesture limits Helen Wilson's sculpture: hands grasp desperately, flames of empathy struggle to make contact, lovers soar like lightning through space. The appealing surfaces of Blanche Phillips' work depend too strongly on the conjuring of Romantic associations: she handles metal to give it a mysterious, age-old tarnish, and shapes gesticulate to the gods like primitive effigies. Lu Doble searches hard for expressive form but goes awry: *And Wild with All Regret* unwittingly metamorphoses the forearms of the lamenting figures into shapes like the head and snout of some outlandish anteater, and the gap between intention and realization is distressingly wide. (Riverside Museum, Dec. 1-22.)—C.B.

Joseph Solman: Solman's subject has been, for the last several years, people—first-name friends, judging from the titles of the portraits in this present show. His style dominates the people he paints, brings strange colors to their faces and arms, deliberates their expressions. Has he really "caught" them? That answer, of course, can't be ventured without comparison. And, after all, "catching" implies quickness, a spontaneity, and these two qualities Solman's portraits have not. They are almost consistently controlled beneath an intricate system of built-up color and fixed, dark-line contours. The subjects sit rather squarely, straightforward in the canvas, when there's room for that, or present head and shoulders only. Their movements are ever so slight, without being subtle—*Doris* leans on one elbow, a long index finger pulls her right eyebrow up, the other fingers of the folded hand likewise pull at the corner of her mouth a bit; cool, bemused *Ellen* looks out of the corners of her eyes (a glance, it would be, in less straitened painting). As a result of such precision, deliberation, imposition, the generally grave beings in Solman's

portraits have weight, not vivacity. Furthermore, where the painter's drawing is not a caricature of itself, or his design not too apparently exact, where his color modulations are expressive rather than eccentric, he can call attention to the particular nature of his subject, if only in the most general terms. (ACA, Dec. 23-Jan. 11.)—A.V.

John Hultberg: The world which Hultberg presents in his paintings is one of constructions that often have the look of ships' cabins. They imply motion, yet they are strangely becalmed. Through the windows there is held out to the viewer an illusion of space and of distance; but the white road running before one ends abruptly in a brown fog; the gray lake and the gray sky weld together to make a solid wall. Even the human element, when it appears, is an illusion; those are only dim, shadowy manikins that loom at the windows. The whole prospect before one is further undermined. Through the gaps and apertures of the decaying structure, one can see only a black abyss; the defeated view from the window is merely another façade. It is the world of a *Frozen Perspective* that one of his titles implies—almost, it seems, an illustration of those famous lines from Eliot, "Shape without form, shade without color, Paralyzed force, gesture without motion . . ." (Martha Jackson, Jan. 2-25.)—J.R.M.

Jasper Johns: Of the many things that upset preconceptions in this first one-man show there are the subjects themselves, for Johns is dedicated to images which outside picture galleries evoke nonesthetic reactions. There is the American flag, which one respects or salutes; targets, which one aims at and hopes to hit; numbers, which one counts with; and letters, which one uses to make words to be read. To see these commonplaces faithfully reproduced in sizes from large to small is disconcerting enough, but not so bewildering as the visual and intellectual impact they carry. His theme selected, Johns will then manipulate it in multiple guises, so that the American flag, for example, may appear in its nude red-white-and-blue state; or against an orange field whose color vibrations should give Rothko or Albers pause, or as a monumental canvas entirely in white. The target offers a comparably dazzling theme and variations, in one case offering a peep show which even imposes a moral decision upon the observer; and the letters and numbers look as though they were uncovered in the office of a printer who so loved their shapes and mysterious symbolism that



Louise Nevelson, NIGHT MOON; at Grand Central Moderns.

Emil Carlsen, IRON KETTLE; at Grand Central Galleries.



he could not commit them to everyday use.

To explain the fascination of these works, one might refer to their disarming rearrangements of customary esthetic and practical responses, but one should also mention the commanding sensuous presence of their primer-like imagery, which has the rudimentary, irreducible potency of the best of Abstract Expressionism. And not least, there is Johns' elegant craftsmanship (in general, a finely nuanced encaustic), which lends these pictures the added poignancy of a beloved, handmade transcription of unloved, machine-made images. In short, Johns' work, like all genuinely new art, assaults and enlivens the mind and the eye with the exhilaration of discovery. (Castelli, Jan. 20-Feb. 8.)—R.R.

Louise Nevelson: Perhaps "enclosures" is more adequate a word than "sculptures" to describe these works on the theme of *Moon Garden*. The artist abandons the free-standing protrusions of last year's *Forest* and explores a kind of twilight kingdom where night suns and day moons reveal treasured objects sheltered in chests or tall boxes. Her crosses and cathedrals have more to do with Zen than with Christianity, and her utilization of whorls and grains of wood and the shadows cast by nails and convexities is part of an almost mystical concern for subtle, burgeoning things. Echoes of African sculpture and Surrealism are felt, but a child's playful wisdom is the dominant quality. (Grand Central Moderns, Jan. 4-23.)—C.B.

Helen Frankenthaler: The colors are sensitive and the paint thin; it sinks into the unsized canvas, demanding to become the canvas—to become what it is, not what one would have it represent. Miss Frankenthaler creates her own world, a new language, adds mysterious overtones to the old. Though the paintings seem wild and free, on close inspection patterns appear like wayward melodies. Sometimes they co-ordinate the entire painting; at other times they seem to have been placed amidst various masses to effect a necessary contrast. In these latest paintings there are more recognizable forms than have been apparent in previous ones: chairs, tables, suns, a bamboo branch, tracks, a cross. But symbols of the real flow into and exist beside what is imagined. She has shaped thought or feeling into separate symbols emanating from and conspiring with things that suggest them. Among the admirable paintings in the exhibit is *New York Bamboo*, chiaroscuro against the neutral canvas, separated into two sections, the broad, feathery form in the center

a transitional pause between the left-hand section (which is empty except for the long, dynamically placed bamboo branch) and the right-hand section (comparatively dense)—rhythmic in its parallel patterns of varied blot-shaped forms ranging in threes beneath each other. Then there is the bewitching *Towards a New Climate*, where a coral-red sun with vibrant corona perches atop a palely sketched mountain cone, while to the left numerous smaller forms are enclosed by large ones, suggesting airiness, flux. In *Round Trip*, an intricate involvement of large inexact forms presents enormous central tulips, two towers lower left, tracks to the right, accents of green, blue, and strange spreading blots that seem like things remembered but never quite recalled. (De Nagy, Jan. 7-25.)—E.G.

Many Minds, Many Media: A group of the gallery regulars is featured with some new additions—notably Alice Vogel, with moody, precisely detailed oils and watercolors; James Baron, with energetic and effective portrait drawings; and Lloyd Etters, with bold, heavily painted abstractions in oil. Lawrence Woodman, the mentor and guide of the gallery, contributes a prolonged homage to Joe Gould (among the titles, *Joe Gould as a Chinese Mandarin*) in watercolors on Braille paper. The drawings of Charlotte Rowedder—particularly a series of small studies of cats, birds, bouquets of flowers—are some of the most sensitive (in many cases the line is barely visible) that this reviewer has seen. (Adam-Ahab, Dec. 19-Jan. 15.)—J.R.M.

Peter Blanc: "If I wanted to paint battle pieces," said Renoir, "I'd be always looking at flowers. For a battle piece to be good, it must look like a flower piece." Peter Blanc, in this, his first presentation of oils (two earlier exhibitions were of encaustics and inks), unrolls imagined conflicts of a mythical, mostly chivalric past and has a strongly rhythmic, powerful compositional sense involving the control and arrangement called for in Renoir's pronouncement. Rarely does one come across so fragrantly controlled a skill, which reaches, with equal persuasion, into the realms of color, light and space. The *Blue Pursuivant*, abstractly conceived and impressionistically wrought through a welter of furiously brushed halberds and staffs and emblems, straddles his horse with all of the rich rewards one finds in Uccello and Giorgione. The violet-blues and nighttime whites of *Hannibal Crossing the Alps* has only a flag visible at the peak, the remainder of the army obscured in vigorously painted, thinly applied snow, but the work is

pregnant with a sense of ponderous conflict. Peter Blanc is major, and it is not necessary to point out to him the obvious danger of the merely decorative. He evidences enough knowledge of art to be able to avoid it. (Passedoit, Jan. 6-Feb. 1.)—R.W.D.

Emil Carlsen: He loved the wide sweep of the sea as well as the still object on a table top. He also considered the green landscape, but not with as deep a care. For he never could suffuse the landscape with that air, not *plein*, but born of a sense of mysterious communication, perhaps even a religious inhabitation, that compels a solemn study of his still lifes and seascapes. Emil Carlsen was born in Denmark in 1853; he came to America in 1872. He was active in the New York art world, exhibited widely and was represented in the collections of most of the major American museums. This memorial exhibition brings to the public's view for the first time works that have remained with his son since his death in 1932. The works speak of a meticulous painter who made out of a limited artistic means (he relied chiefly on a modified Impressionistic method), and a devotion that went beyond the art of painting or the nature of his subject, an *oeuvre* that commends itself today for its subjective realism. If there can be magic in realism, it is nowhere more authentic than in his almost monochrome *Black Kettle* of 1926 and his *Iron Kettle* of the same year. (Grand Central, Jan. 14-25.)—A.V.

Survey of American Collages: In 1948 the Museum of Modern Art presented "International Collages," as did Rose Fried's gallery last year. To date however, no attempt has been made to cover the national scene before this exhibition which, under the auspices of AFA, will spend next year visiting major U. S. museums and universities. It will more than adequately amend an unconscionable neglect. The works of fifty prominent and emergent artists are included (Motherwell, Manso, Ryan, Marcorelli, Vicente, Kline, Hultberg, Moller, *et al.*), and the broad historical imperatives and the wide suggestive possibilities inherent in paste and scissors largely result from Virginia Zabriskie's creditable deliberations. Arthur Dove's 1925 *The Art Critic* is the only construction to continue the witty and humorous incursions of Braque and Picasso. A top-hatted, roller-skated, empty-faced word-machine, the bumbling, pretentious fellow (whose left hand clutches a vacuum cleaner) may well be the first egghead, for a celluloid shell (hid-

IN THE GALLERIES

den by his stovepipe) forms the basis of his skull. The rest of the exhibition is very grave, very measured, and nowhere else as gay as one might expect. Its chief concern is to elucidate alternative involvements of the method. Thus, Rauschenberg is Dadaesque in employing the ready-made painting (a Third Avenue acquisition) for his *Collage with Rocks*; Pearl Fine's example, *Study for "Heroic Awakening"* functions as a prelude to painting; Ray Johnson is highly sculptural; a *Figure* by Salvatore Grippi is almost entirely the result of drawing; and the numerous other inclusions chiefly rely on scraps of treasured mementos to fuse the private evocation. (Zabriskie, Dec. 16-Jan. 11.)—R.W.D.

Art Our Children Live With: In this loan exhibition, a benefit show sponsored by the Town School Parents Association, the advisory committee, comprising three directors and one curator of our four most important city art museums, must be congratulated for the excellence of its selection. Examples of American art, from the eighteenth century to the present, are so tastefully arranged and the artistic level so high that all our art seems to be of one piece; the directness and economy of a nineteenth-century folk sculpture, a black crow decoy, or an iron rooster, are echoed in the huge smooth *White Rose with Larkspur* by Georgia O'Keeffe, with its blue background and pale lavender accents, as well as in the gentle Baziotes abstraction, *The Window*, where, against a black background and on individual patches, two forms like long-stemmed glasses seen through an inebriate's eye stand beside each other, all their shared and singular spaces concocting other, subsidiary forms. A direct and utterly classic nineteenth-century portrait, *Mrs. Samuel Chandler*, by Winthrop Chandler, stares benignly at the crackling brown mélange of Karl Knath's *Copper Kettle*, which in turn is flanked by two tiny nineteenth-century oils—Raphael Peale's *Dish of Blackberries*, alive enough to eat, and William Harnett's *An Evening's Comfort*, stein, pipe and folded newspaper. Also in the exhibit may be found such treasures as an early Lipchitz, *Accordion Player*; Abraham Ratner's *Still Life*, jagged and brilliant in gold, green and turquoise; Marin's *Lobster Boat*, all horizontals, white against turbulent green, a purplish sky; Feininger's diagonally rayed *Edged Spaces*; and Morris Graves' *Woodpecker*, three dark, irregular, parallel verticals, the bird's head a central bloom. (Downtown Gallery, Dec. 9-21.)—E.G.

Don David and Florence Weinstein: David's gouaches represent a brusque, vivid and free attack upon landscape, a series of mountain views of Sicily; the painting is always vivacious, sunny and sparkling, verging upon abstraction through the simplification of its representational elements. He has a number of successes in the exhibition, among them *The Pine Tree*, *Bright Hills* and the more densely painted, more abstract *In the Pines*. Florence Weinstein contributes several handsome collages and a series of oils that are notable for their richness and control. Particularly impressive is her composition in soft blues, cherry reds and opalescent flesh tints, with its cloudlike forms and its feathery touches of brushwork. (Camino, Jan. 3-23.)—J.R.M.

Jean Dubuffet: At a time when so many of the younger artists seem to be reviewing merely what older artists have done, trying to be equally surprising, and saving nothing, Jean Dubuffet is distinguished for his originality and his attentiveness to the thing done, making it the result of great affection and concern. Searching pebbled surfaces with the astonishment of a child, seeking a world in it with the eye of an entomologist, he discovers precise patterns, as stunning in their diversity and order as those of Mondrian, seen from an opposite optical view. His interest in the realm of childhood has brought Dubuffet to mimic the instinctive scrawl of children as seen on walls. In *Going Home*, a number of Klee-like figures in dark scrawls over a brownish-tinted white oil background, carry out the title in an amusing way: it is not merely that the figures seem to lean, to float; they are free of restriction by

the very concept of their form, and they are going home in a great rush of joy, taking along with them, we would suspect, the artist himself. In another type of painting seen in this impressive exhibition, the cutout collage or *assemblage d'empreintes* is represented by a number of paintings which have been composed with great skill, building up composition and image through an assembling of contrasted and blended cutouts of varied textures and colors, and suggesting the final wholeness and design of what has been fractured and separate. It is also necessary to mention here a marvelously off-balance and amusing portrait of a child, *Cherries in the Cheeks*, instantaneous and candid yet indicating the same care and construction as that employed in the paintings of pebbles or the cutout collages. (Matisse, Jan. 7-26.)—E.G.

Ilya Bolotowsky: Few painters have carried Neo-Plasticism to more lyric delights than Bolotowsky. His diamond compositions are particularly effective. *White Diamond* is the most subtle in its balances of pencil-thin lines at the corners of the rectangle, and one should note that no white is ever exactly the same. *Large Cobalt Diamond* incorporates violets, blues and whites in a complex of planes and recessions which have the additional interest of rectangular color. With their spirit of play and banners of unconventional color, contrasted with the reticence of low-keyed grays, these paintings make some confirming statements in the idiom of Mondrian's "concrete universal expression." (Borgenicht, Jan. 6-25.)—S.B.

Religious Symbols in Primitive Art: Effigies, fetiches, ancestor figures, *et al.*, in metal, wood, stone and pottery, from the culture areas of Oceania, the Pacific Northwest (Tsimshian and Haida), Africa and pre-conquest Mexico (Colima, Totonac, Zapotec and Mixtec) make for a dazzling exposition of highly wrought stylistic accomplishments in these ethnic groups at a particularized point of crisis. In certain cases, several tastefully chosen specimens from the same tribe permit a brief evaluation of artistic variation; in others, a single representative is sufficiently important to reveal numberless possibilities. An extremely rare *Moi*, a squatting wooden funerary statue from the Vietnam Bahnar, is such an example. One of four to reach the Western world, it depicts a member of the deceased's family sitting by his grave until such time as he will be reincarnated into the body of an infant. The heavy, square, rough-surfaced head rests on its fists, as the folded arms and knees make for a fascinating intersection of opposed triangles. The highly abstract elongated head of a granite Ehactl (in its Totonac version of the Aztec God of Wind) is ponderous, menacing and eminently contemporary in its appeal. A sensible and concise arrangement of explanatory data before each artifact will provide the needed guide for the uninitiated. (D'Arcy, Jan. 2-Feb. 1.)—R.W.D.

Gertrude Greene: An exhibition of work by the late Gertrude Greene includes relief constructions from the thirties and forties and a selection of later oils. The two kinds of work create the impression of distinct phases in the development of her career. The constructions, with their distinct yet varied forms, their pure colors, create an art of balance and precision, of clean simplicity. In the later oils, the formal elements are realized by the brushwork itself and a complexity of color, as in *Painting in Green and Tan* with its density of varied strokes. (Bertha Schaefer, Dec. 30-Jan. 18.)—J.R.M.

Fifteen Major Selections: Starting with a very Fauve Vlaminc, *La Seine à Bougival* (1906), collectors of French masters can take their pick of a fairly recent Picasso *Woman in a Turkish Costume*, two large Braques, a superb head of a circus man by Rouault, a characteristic Gris, Léger, Pascin, and an inflated granite head by Modigliani. (Perls, Nov. 11-Dec. 21.)—S.B.

Personal-Impersonal: As is usual in the group shows of this gallery, the work is all of a consistent high quality, ranging in style from Paul



Joseph Stapleton, NIGHT FORMS; at Avant-Garde.

Kennedy's soft, beautifully handled *Portrait* to John von Wicht's brilliant abstraction in reds, greens and blues, *Waterfront*. Leon Polk Smith's circular composition, *10-1957*, is a consummately handled work in pure red and yellow, black and gray. Among the other notable works are Harold Baumbach's *Mother and Child* and Irving Vagins' *Picnic*. Of the sculpture on display, Trajan's painted figure, *Young David*, and Morris Levine's airy, skeletal construction of a wading bird are particularly impressive. (Terrain, Nov. 24-Jan. 11.)—J.R.M.

Joseph Stapleton: The infinite number of linked shapes of which these paintings are constructed have an almost unconsciously Disneyish effect; yet they are also tortuous and bulbous life-forms, forms floating, flaring, flying; they seem to exist in a universe of their own, to explode out of their own chaos into shapes attempting a resemblance to life. These are very personal paintings; in *Breckenridge Landscape* the artist has typified his attitude toward Texas, where the people themselves, he states, are "like cactus." *Flashing Red*, in which the flaming, tormented line tries to break through an overwhelming whiteness, and an unnamed canvas consisting of yellow-ocher, red, black and white swirling, centrifugal, rounded forms, are especially successful. (Avant-Garde, Dec. 17-Jan. 18.)—E.G.

Kurt Roesch: Roesch's long career, which began in Germany in association with Nettel, Nay and Blumenthal, has been marked by an absorption in painterly intellectualism. Now head of Sarah Lawrence's Art Department, he believes "We have to recover the weight of a lost reality," and his major concern therefore is to retain figurative derivation in his abstractions. Eminently finished and craftsmanly, these oils defy categories, but succeed best when this sense of the theoretical *post facto* is eliminated and the inner heart of the painter takes command. Thus his broad and brilliant palette (whose reds usually luminesce the schema) works to best advantage in the overtly emotive and hieratic *Girl of Silence*, whose background passages in a more subdued key amplify a basic pathos. Hartung seems to return in the blithe curves of *Imagined Music*, while *Man with Bird* (the only painting of restricted motion) could remind a Southwestern traveler of a Zuni clown drawn by Rouault at Shalako. (Rose Fried, Jan. 6-Feb. 1.)—R.W.D.

Gaston Bertrand: The effect of this Belgian painter's work is of a neatly determined geometry that evokes stillness, not out of awe, but

a sense of propriety. The impression is of whiteness, though there are colors—gray, ochre, one pink that would elsewhere be shocking, an emerald stripe (here not brilliant). Perhaps the colors are mute because they cannot speak above the even-tempered, firm-line forms, usually triangular and rectangular, that surface on a white ground, as in *Figure*. This neat geometry can be set in motion (*Formes Ascendantes*) or become architectural (*Siena*), but for the most part its components are assembled in an elegant repose, very cool and consistently quiet. (Stable, Jan. 7-25.)—A.V.

Sato: An enthusiasm, confined to such small reviewing quarters as these, often may seem unwarranted, inexplicable and suspiciously arbitrary. But when, in an ordinary viewing period, one has the good fortune to come across a surprising and sublime talent, one must take this risk and rattle forward with all stops out. Of Japanese descent and Hawaiian-born, Tadashi Sato, who now resides in New York, learned from such diverse technical masters as Davis, Albers and the Sung painters. With apprenticeship well behind him and these influences only barely discernible, these brilliantly brushed, thinly calligraphed, purely evocative, bare, mostly gray canvases seem to examine the watery, airy spaces of ancient Chinese scrolls. One thinks then of the poet Li Po, of Lu Chi's *Wen-fu*, and of the Noh *Sotoba Komachi* in gazing at the lit afterglow of *Shrine*, whose elliptical moon swings persistently and endlessly through the bare bones of the temple arch. Withal, however, it is not the East or the West which is revealed—it is, simply, Sato and his lyrically intimate, individual voice. (Willard, Jan. 6-Feb. 1.)—R.W.D.

Calvin Albert: These sheerest of drawings in charcoal continue to emerge (more remarkably than ever) as though from smoke—and, at that, smoke from Aladdin's lamp. Landscapes are the reference for vistas that hover, hide and crystallize at once. In such studies as *Project for a Monument*, a processional movement is suggested with an obliquity that tantalizes. The tour de force of Albert's particular sensibility, however, is *The Sculptor after Goya*, where lights and darks, with masterful artifice, somehow effect the subtle abstract tensions of Goya's idiom. Provocations in *Gangster*, a leaning, lurking figure, are happily deceptive in the counterpoint of erasures across the features. But there are instances when traits of texture become too dazzling and the total effect falls short of satisfaction. When the obliquity seems to lack a purpose, the magician's gestures suddenly intrude. An awareness of means is generated, an irrelevant thought—where is the rabbit now? (Borgenicht, Dec. 6-Jan. 4.)—S.B.

Anthony Toney: Presenting work of the past two years in this, his seventh one-man show in New York City, Mr. Toney shows craftsmanship and technical skill which continue to excite an admiration—which admiration, however, overrides the didactic anecdotalism of his message. Delete this insistence on the verities of simple, confident peasant figures in warm, familial exchanges, as in *Seated Nude*, and you have, before you, in fervid, winning colors, the labors of a painter's painter who, in this study, oddly recalls Soutine. Generally though, his virtuoso brushwork brings one back, with its intensity, to Daumier's *The Print Collectors* and to Tintoretto's writhing figures in *The Baptism of Christ* as his planes of color, multitudinous and bold, vigorously define the human and natural landscape. (ACA, Dec. 2-21.)—R.W.D.

Savo Radulovic: The retrospective of the Yugoslav-born American painter Savo Radulovic shows his development from realistic beginnings through social commentary to ever greater abstraction. Particularly fine are his Italian landscapes such as the *Palazzo Vecchio* and *Venice* of 1956, in which the influence of Cubism has been combined with the use of luminous colors. In his most recent work, an attempt has been made to give visual form to a conception of outer space, as in the striking *Cosmic Intangibles*, which shows an intricate maze of fluid lines surround-

ing the sun and moon. Perhaps the best picture is *Autobiography*, a work in which the seated figure of the artist emerges dimly through an over-all pattern of tense white calligraphic swirls. (Washington Irving, Jan. 6-25.)—H.M.

Robert Richenburg: One thinks of the majority of these paintings in terms of the images and processes of decay: the festering and crusted surfaces; the black skeletal forms that shred away into wriggling sinews of intense reds, yellows, blues; the holocaustal rising of whited-blue and red flames from the vague black and brown substance massed at bottom. At times a kind of searing undecipherable script occurs in electric yellows or whites at the height of the process, and one thinks of the moment of death and the last cryptic impulse that the brain transmits along the tangled nerves. The largest work, however, a wall-size triptych that is something of a tour de force, seems more suggestive of growth and fertility with its surging floods of greens, scarlets and blues, its gnarled undulating forms and its rich textures. (Hansa, Nov. 25-Dec. 14.)—J.R.M.

Michael West: Many-faceted "action" paintings reveal a genuine expressionist gift; they bring to mind the energy of Pollock, the sudden frenzy of a Hofmann squeeze of paint—and even the bravado of Mathieu. The earliest, in metallic paints, are rather startling in their abrupt changes of direction. A later group, epitomized by *The Comet*, has emotional force and a considerable breadth of space. No neophyte, Michael West painted under the influence of Gorky during the thirties, has been in group shows, but has only now emerged with a voluble one-man show of her own. The fact that she has been a close participant in the genesis of Abstract Expressionism is obvious in the quality of immediacy and presence that she achieves in the knife strokes of her oils. When the thrusts are not dissipated, her paintings have the quality of generating energies, as well as a coherent framework—and this is no mean feat. (Uptown, Nov. 1-15.)—S.B.

Ulfert Wilke: Essentially linear and uncompromisingly abstract, this art has best been characterized by Wilke himself, calling a series of gouaches "Music To Be Seen." What can be seen is a virtuoso's pen stroke in compositions which have the consummate complexity of all of the world's written language—for there is no one script that dominates. A little of all is suggested, and sometimes projected in fascinating minutiae. In its first New York exhibition, Wilke's art emerges as an incisive and individual synthesis, with a quality of "Suprematism." (His father, Rudolf Wilke, was an illustrator for *Simplicissimus* at the turn of the century.) Among Wilke's most effective "glyphs," as he calls them, are variations on the alphabet, as a child learns it, making a fine strong case for the original force of the basic characters. (Kraushaar, Jan. 13-Feb. 8.)—S.B.

Peter Takal: It is rare that a contemporary artist achieves an international reputation on the basis of drawings alone, but such is the case with Peter Takal, the Rumanian-born American artist who is having his twenty-second one-man show. In a few delicate lines, he conveys a wonderful sense of nature, whether it be the tide swirling around rocks or the arid weeds in a barn window. Like the Chinese painters, the artist works with great economy of means, suggesting as often as stating, and allowing the paper itself to indicate space and atmosphere. In addition to the drawings on various kinds of paper, there are also watercolors showing a somewhat bolder and more abstract style, but they cannot compare with the exquisite line drawings. (Duveen-Graham, Dec. 17-Jan. 4.)—H.M.

Consuegra: In his first one-man show in New York, twenty-seven-year-old Hugo Consuegra, a Cuban architect, enters the art scene as an exceptionally gifted abstractionist. Although he is at his best in less-textured work, he does not appear uneven, for the same precision, somberness and concern for massive form obtain throughout. *The Opposite Extreme*, with its

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broad sampling from the palette, contains his ever-present, glyph-like, beetling crawl of spatially conceived white lines which almost function as his signature. They seem, however, superfluous in this canvas. *Old Wound*, a large, cautious vertical of blues, is worked to a more intense degree and has great staying power. *Sierra Maestra*, the most ambitious painting, continues his fine color sense, but has elements of accident which do not succeed. Far and away the finest achievement is *Poetry against Itself*, a major work of mat-surfaced, muted and bitter colors with many deceptions of dimension and a stony centrality. The raw, discreet shapes are frozen in a fastidious suspense, yet an excitement is curiously absent, as if he had reached a vision without the pain attendant on it. (De Aenlle, Nov. 18-Dec. 7.)—R.W.D.

Charles Salerno: In his fifth one-man show, Charles Salerno exhibits a surprising variety of sculpture, some made of stone such as marble, alabaster, serpentine, sandstone or limestone, some fired in clay or terra cotta, and some cut in wood or ivory. By carving directly into the material, the artist gives a wonderful feeling of the material itself, with beautiful contrasts of the smooth surface of the figure against the rough texture of the stone. Particularly beautiful are his female figures with their sensuous, fleshy forms which seem to emerge out of the stone itself. (Weyhe, Dec. 28-Jan. 26.)—H.M.

Emil Nolde: The watercolor medium is especially suited to Nolde's genius, for these drenched surfaces with their spreading expanses of color affirm that experience of vitality and growth which was so essential to the German's vision of nature. The flowers, for example, seem almost to unfold and blossom before one's eyes; and the coastal scenes are saturated with a watery flow that evokes the romantic oneness of light, sky and sea and permits the gorgeous oranges of a sunset or the ominous blue-blacks of storm clouds to spill over their boundaries in a dazzling fusion of the elements. Characteristically, Nolde adheres to a close-up view, especially in the flowers and figure pieces, so that these small works yield a maximum of intensity which at times even surpasses the burning immediacy of his oils. This selection offers a capital statement of the Expressionist viewpoint. (Kleemann, Jan. 4-31.)—R.R.

Chi Pai-Shih: The memorial exhibition for Chi Pai-Shih, who died recently at the age of ninety-seven, reveals once again that he was China's greatest modern painter. Using a traditional Chinese ink style based on that of two celebrated seventeenth-century monks, the artist shows an amazing vitality and power. With a few bold strokes, he brings out the very essence of the form portrayed, whether it be a flower, a landscape or a human figure. For color he usually limits himself to the gradations of Chinese ink, but at times lovely reds, pinks and blues are added in a delicate wash. One of the finest of the scrolls exhibited is *Fading Lotus*, in which the seed pods and the strong line of the stalks stand out against large leaves beneath which is a single wilting flower. In contrast to this kind of work, the figure pieces and landscapes seem less inspired. (Mi Chou, Jan. 7-Feb. 1.)—H.M.

Takeshi Asada: The work of this young painter, a winner of the MacDowell Traveling Scholarship, ranges through various modes of abstraction from the Calcagno-like compositions of bands of bright, thickly textured color to the more freely painted compositions which seem suggestive of Hofmann. The watercolors represent the most consistent achievement, but there are good pieces among the oils, notably *Solveig*, with its nearly circular shapes, its intense blues, oranges and lemon yellows. (Art Students League, Jan. 6-18.)—J.R.M.

Tom Boutis and Alex Katz: Collage seldom rises above being a matter of taste and dextrous manipulation of materials, yet within these limitations a collage may both please the eye and tease the mind. Boutis is an adept manipulator and his taste is impeccable; while not especially

witty, his arrangements of torn scraps of brightly colored paper have a carnival gaiety and insouciance which it would be difficult to achieve in paint. Alex Katz, on the other hand, conceives of collage in a more pictorial fashion, using it as a substitute for paint with astonishing eloquence. He has mastered in his painting the science of empty spaces and maximum implication with a minimum of paint, and he puts this mastery to use in a series of tiny collages depicting landscapes and seascapes and bathers on dazzling beaches, in which a few precisely cut shapes tell an amazingly complete story. (Tanager, Nov. 22-Dec. 6.)—M.S.

Mary Sloane: These moody works exhibit the heavy crossed forms and abstract entanglements which we associate with New York School painting, but the artist's real affinities lie elsewhere: in 4.5.57 Whistler's *Old Battersea Bridge* would appear to emerge from the dense sea and mist, and 7.10.57 suggests the heavily varnished surfaces and brooding cloud forms of Ryder, like an abstract *Toilers of the Sea*. The romanticism of dark hulls and wrecks by moonlight is effectively invoked, even where (as in 10.14.57) we seem to detect a shadowy *Etretat* in the fog. (White, Jan. 13-Feb. 1.)—C.B.

Alexander Dobkin: In "Paintings of Israel" Dobkin expresses intimacy and identity with a land and a people. If these are not works of great seriousness and depth, they are sensitive and optimistic interpretations of themes of endurance, growth and familial warmth. The closeness of mother and child is a dominant subject, carried and affirmed by the artist's rich and genial sweep of colors. Some of the faces look at us self-consciously, as if at a camera, but the small *Embrace* is a quiet and absorbing work in which all the forms seem to gather into a protective blanket for the child. (Herzl Institute, Dec. 3-30.)—C.B.

Herbert Ferber: There is a particular challenge, in Ferber's sculpture, to accept its slanted balances which, even in the simpler constructions, seem to have been intricately worried into existence. They give an occult tilt to *Sun Wheel*, for example. Another trait is the sloping roof that casts a dark, heavy shadow over myriad thin and climbing forms. Ferber's is also a metallically complex sculpture, of brass, copper and stainless steel, but the metals are fused into a gilded, static state to seem as one. Poised and elegant, the new "calligraphs" and "personages" in this exhibition are all these traits in a somber synthesis. The forms fall singly into strong housings, and each piece of sculpture, each entity, stands so aloof that one is compelled to search deeply for details and textural emanations. (Kootz, Dec. 3-21.)—S.B.

Jean Fabert-Himbert: Geometric lines block out the canvases, many of which were executed in Mexico. There is excellent organization here; large painted squares back up figures with large heads and hands, or horses, houses and harbors almost boxed in appearance as well as in plan—that is, boxes within boxes or set alongside boxes. The technique is sound and assured, but whether or not the artist will ever become more than pictorial remains to be seen. *Homme Blanc*, *Femme et Enfant*, *Chevaux et Neige* are titles of some of the paintings, all of which seem to exist on the same level of skill and disengagement. (Little Studio, Jan. 5-29.)—E.G.

Alvin Most: One of the more interesting works in this exhibition of oils, drawings and gouaches is the large oil *Still Life as Landscape*, with its circular themes translated into a larger, more active domain than the "sedentary" life that the original forms of the fruit implied. Although the work varies in its styles from painting to painting, it does not create the effect of a hodgepodge of attempts. The drawings also, particularly the two calligraphic studies of *The Sea*, are distinctly impressive. (James, Jan. 10-30.)—J.R.M.

Kandinsky, Klee, Marc: Gleanings continue from the portfolios of these now well-reviewed German artists, and this display offers a few

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watercolors, drawings and graphics worth the noting. There is Kandinsky, minute and brief in a 1912 watercolor of a chic-looking horse and rider coursing across a curving hill surmounted by a leaning jumble of Byzantine towers; and more studied, with an equally early black, blue-gray and brown linoleum cut showing a vocalist standing before the piano in a deceptively cozy scene reminiscent of Beardsley's insinuatingly morbid illustrations; and a rapid Klee, who in a 1923 sketch (*Scene aus dem Drama eines Stallmeisters*) used the flat of his pencil to interesting advantage. (New Art Center, Dec. 2-31.)—R.W.D.

William Chaiken: Vague and ghostly figures wander through many of these paintings which strangely seem more impelled to abstraction than to any incorporation of the figurative. The figures mostly seem to occupy a small corner of the painting or to be rather ineffectually imposed upon a swirling abstraction, as in *Woman in Windstorm*. One of the better works is *Bathers*, more concretely structured in blues and greenish yellows, where both the figurative and abstract elements are more deliberately, less accidentally handled. (Contemporary Arts, Jan. 10-31.)—J.R.M.

Augustus Peck: Although there are a number of paintings in this exhibition, they are all essentially the same painting, one which attempts to reduce the relationships of sea, sky and shore to the most austere statement possible. Thus each panel (they are painted in oil on heavy cardboard, usually verticals) is horizontally divided into two or more areas, a faintly mottled sky, generally lightening at the horizon, a frothy band of white, evenly breaking surf, and perhaps a few thinly brushed strokes below to indicate shallow waters or a strip of sand. The elegance and polished precision of these paintings, done in blue or black with white and gray, make them forbidding in their absolute equanimity, but the long observation and deep familiarity with the subject which they evince, as well as the thoughtful execution, give them an ultimate richness and depth. (Wid-difield, Dec. 10-Jan. 4.)—M.S.

Jacques Bleny: These frail paintings offer delicate views, real and imagined, of landscapes, harbors, tabletops and cities. Their faint subjects are built up of layers of glaze, predominantly blue, defined here and there by sharp black lines or by a neat white checkerboard or harlequin design. Over the whole stretches the gauzelike pattern etched when Bleny initially combed, in various directions, the white ground of his canvas. This combing veils any real plasticity, or indeed, the lack of it. It would be interesting to see what could be seen were the veil lifted, although one suspects that the disillusion would be fatal to the present pleasure. (Raymond & Raymond, Nov. 15-Dec. 1.)—A.V.

Walt Kuhn: Landscape paintings reveal a pastoral side of this well-known American (1880-1949). Kuhn liked the plain contours of old trees in New England, garnished only by their own verdure: the pines of Maine, the poplars of Vermont, and an oak that could be longstanding anywhere in the eastern United States. Sensitively placed on canvas, enhanced by a natural aspect of ground and sky, Kuhn's landscapes seem deliberately to avoid any dynamics of composition—their strength emerges slowly. What is impressive about these paintings is the degree to which shape and shadow combine to give the pasture or roadside its natural, earthy character. (Walker, Nov. 18-Dec. 7.)—S.B.

Yuli Blumberg: With the emphasis today upon young artists, many older and equally good painters are often neglected. One of these is Yuli Blumberg, who is having her twelfth one-man show. There are paintings which reflect her Russian Jewish background, paintings like *Man with Torah* which shows a somber, brooding figure built up with heavy lines and strong areas of deep olives and purples and whites. More abstract are landscapes such as the mysterious *Blue Night*, with its intense and brilliant colors. (Artists', Jan. 11-30.)—H.M.

Marcia Marcus: In her large, freely painted canvases there is a romanticism of the figure—with its vague boundaries, its opalescence of the flesh—a kind of sensuousness that extends as well into her landscapes. In *Lovers by a Lake*, the erotic massing of the two figures crowds in upon a soft and diffuse view, as if the landscape were a contingency upon the fact of the lovers themselves rather than a setting in which an event takes place. Her *Recumbent Nude* proceeds further into the ambiguity, in a sense becomes a horizontally massed landscape. The collages, particularly *Integration*, and the small sculpture of the horse, dealing with different themes, promote the impression of the variety of her talent. (March Gallery, Nov. 8-29.)—J.R.M.

Robert Amft: In his first New York show, Chicagoan Amft exhibits oils which hover on the border line between fantasy and realistic reporting. Most of the paintings are views of his own backyard—shaded, cool, a child playing, a youth tossing a basketball, a girl writing at a table. The same scene with the same cast of characters is repeated a number of times, but the treatment gives it the air of a mysterious ritualistic performance with its dramatic cathedral lighting and the strange isolation of the figures. This quality of unpretentious personal mysticism is felt again in the landscape, *Late Afternoon*, with its horizontal banding and round little trees that might belong in a doll village, and in *Sunsets*, a small canvas divided into stairlike strips each containing the half-circle of a setting sun. (Morris, Dec. 16-Jan. 3.)—M.S.

Mucha: The buildings, shorescape, pungent colors and blistering southern light of Collioure, a small Catalan town on the Mediterranean (discovered in 1905 by Matisse and Derain) form the initial spur and seeds of tangible form for these draftsmanship, individually structured, remarkably finished abstractions. Mucha's simple yet intricate geometries, razor-edged and internally framed by his ground, carry sight to an immensely joyous finish, often recalling gesso work, and evidence a master's control over the knife. The myriad presentation of these tight and adventuresome oils (the first in this country) has many rewards (e.g., *Clarté Blanche*), and it is hoped that he may be viewed soon again. (Gallery 75, Jan. 6-31.)—R.W.D.

Arpels: Southern light, always difficult to render without seeming offensively gaudy, is managed discreetly enough in certain of these Greek landscapes (*Keos: The Village* may supply a well-knifed example), but this second show of French-born Claude Arpels is most at home in its subtly hued, evening-lit Venetian scenes. Thus *Pink Rose* and *Venice*, on a suggested Braque foundation, with the winsomeness of Dufy sprouting through its tabled vase, in grays, greens and pinks, has a bold space where the painter's ground is dully exposed to advantage and is the most pleasing canvas in this talented display of recent oils. (Zodiac, Dec. 2-16.)—R.W.D.

Ernest O. Mondorf: Having lived and studied in Venice, the painter combines familiar Venetian scenes—churches, domes, cupolas, palaces—with a talent for striking visual simplicity. The dramatic bulk of Old World edifices backed by brooding and ominous skies which is the theme of most of the paintings, though it does not always sustain a prolonged interest, is nevertheless handled with consistent good taste. (Panoras, Jan. 13-25.)—J.R.M.

Tetsui Ochikubo: In these ultra-discreet canvases, Ochikubo, an Hawaiian, re-creates his Oriental heritage in terms of an abstract vocabulary. Generally, a milky white expanse sets a background for the quiet drama of irregular, earth-colored forms that are wafted past the surface by the gentlest of winds. At his most understated, Ochikubo can produce the hyper-refined *Insight*, where a pale-blue, misty sphere vaporizes into a chalky blur; but at other times, he can turn to the more assertively structured *Noetic Consciousness*, with its stronger color oppositions and its more palpable forms. The works offer

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a purified atmosphere of spiritual reverie and the most elegant nuances of color, texture and equilibrium. (Krasner, Jan. 7-30.)—R.R.

Edna Bottorf: Although the paint quality is not always distinguished in these oils of prim and isolated buildings, the mood, in each case, is always one of melancholy very effectively established. Empty streets, strange Victorian edifices, a cluster of red-brick buildings juxtaposed against a bland wall with a solitary window, an interior view of a shadowy stairwell—all create a particular and pervasive sense of isolation. (Morris, Jan. 20-Feb. 1.)—J.R.M.

E. Arnold Clark: Working with a densely painted surface, Miss Clark weaves her images into the structured grids of Cubism with varying results. At times she produces only such conventionally stylized human arabesques as those of *Orpheus*, but elsewhere her viewpoint is both more original and more forceful. Such is the case in *Warrior*, with its strident collision of spikes and arcs; in *Bride*, a grotesquely goggle-eyed insect-woman shrouded in a gleaming white gown; in *Cathedral*, a combination of muffled darkness and some remote glow; and above all in the handsome *Poets*, a tilted icy-blue scaffolding in which elusive images reverberate endlessly as if reflecting in two facing mirrors. (Heller, Dec. 17-Jan. 4.)—R.R.

Stephen Tennant: The evocations of Tennant's travel jottings are stirring to Stephen Spender, Julian Huxley and Colin Innes. He seems to be the Joe Gould of the English aristocracy—a pet for his eccentricities. Here are title pages for a "book" which he has been composing for many years, *Lascar, A Story of the Maritime Boulevard*. Quaint montages of faces, scenes and handwritten fragments are entwined together in smudged arabesques. The sketches are largely of sailors casting hungry looks in different ports. The draftsmanship, however, is repetitious and thin, and the phrases are shallow (when they are legible), so that not much but an aura of theatricality and posing comes across the seas. (Bodley, Dec. 5-31.)—S.B.

John Fenton: Palely sustaining a Neo-Romanic viewpoint, Fenton peoples his tightly painted canvases with wan circus figures, introspective nuns and the like, generally seen through a dull green lens. While most of these attenuated, bony figures with their peaked chins, angular noses and scarecrow fingers suggest an anemic relic of an earlier decade, a few canvases offer something less conventional. I would cite, in particular, the rather majestic stillness of *Dido*, with her columnar, Piero della Francesca neck; or the curious choreography of *Laundresses*, who hold their wash in taut arabesques, as if in the rhythms of some primitive ritual. (Babcock, Jan. 6-25.)—R.R.

Sam Francis: In this highly interesting group of watercolors (with one gigantic oil), the early works (1954-55) exhibit the artist's familiar concern with density, where a large central mass of coiling blue forms is edged with red and yellow. The works done in New York during this past summer reveal an adventurous new direction: the delicacy of Gorky is echoed in an original way in sparse compositions where fragile, tenuous forms are woven through large stretches of space, and activated by rapid diagonal drips and sprays of paint. When Francis works big, in the *'Round the Blues* oil, he aims not at impact but at an elaboration of his muted and suggestive watercolor improvisations. (Martha Jackson, Nov. 27-Dec. 28.)—C.B.

Helen G. Witte: In this artist's first exhibition of oils and gouaches there is a crisp, spirited portrait of Jacob Walkowitz, sudden and exclamatory—and representing the better of the artist's two tendencies, one of which is to paint in this direct, rather heavy way, while the other, represented in facets of Jewish ritual or in landscapes and flowers, is Dufyesque, very light and a bit monotonous. A heavily painted bouquet in scarlet, purple, white and glowing gold is outstanding. (Collector's, Jan. 6-18.)—E.G.

Robert Bliss: Aspiring to a phantom imagery, Bliss works with what remains essentially an academic male nude. This he confronts with various pseudo-Surrealist environments—at times, the evocative nothingness of a murky, endless void, or, often, the multiple view, in which the same head or body is repeated in a different scale or from a different vantage point. Occasionally the thin mystery of these canvases is thickened with some spice borrowed from Francis Bacon. (Hewitt, Jan. 2-23.)—R.R.

Rudolph Burkhardt: The first one-man show of paintings by this experienced photographer of art subjects and, especially, the Italian landscape, reveals modest, almost primitive representational oils; the subjects are rooftops, city houses, shores, quiet waters. A white bouquet, startlingly stable, with one rose in its center and a small statuette at the lower right is pleasing, as is a decorative painting of an Indian nude against a figured background. (Tanager, Dec. 27-Jan. 16.)—E.G.

Collectors' Choice Annual: The rules of this new and very productive game are these: a group of prominent collectors choose works by living American artists which they do not own but would like to, and the respective galleries involved contribute the theoretical prize winners to an annual exhibition. The first results, as seen here, are of understandably high quality, what with twenty works by such assorted figures as De Kooning, Kline, Lippold, Smith and Cornell, but one might have wished that these collectors had been a little more adventuresome. Of the not too many and not too dark horses who stand out, one should mention Keyser, Spaventa and Rosati. (Castelli, Dec. 17-Jan. 18.)—R.R.

Felix Ruvalo: In his sixth exhibition, Ruvalo has departed from previous styles by painting canvas after canvas solidly with color, making no effort to introduce an object of any sort, and providing variety only through the slight differentiation of current in the broad horizontal strokes. Through many layers of paint, groups of almost indiscernible box shapes in scarcely darker hue appear, forming the only concession to contrast. The colors are fresh and brilliant. (Pindexter, Jan. 6-25.)—E.G.

Jean Dufy: Street scenes, farm scenes, horses, crowds have interested the younger brother of Raoul, who, at his subdued best, never seems to exceed imitation. It almost appears as though he had forgotten who he was and merely recalled his gayer and more purposeful relative. (Hammer, Dec. 2-14.)—E.G.

Nahum Abravanel: The inventor of the term "collisionism," if not the school it is intended to signify—i.e., of forms in conflict—paints and prints black shapes, often Oriental calligraphic, on white or colored paper; the effect is chiefly decorative, the visual impact something less than a bang. (Nonagon, Jan. 6-31.) . . . **Lola Frantz:** These watercolors, lately brought back from the South Pacific, are best when their tropical color is not delineated with black ink: *Maori Schoolgirl*, a portrait study, and *Donald-Tahiti*, in which various green growths engulf a boarded-up inn, illustrate the above observation. (Grand Central, Jan. 7-18.)—A.V.

Servin: Blithe, elegant, intricately fashioned with a lapidary's skill, these Cubistically occasioned, filigreed paintings of fantastic churches and angelic figures intimate the Surreal and are often accomplished in silvers and golds with a theatrically finicky commitment. (Zodiac, Dec. 9-23.) . . . **Harriet Janis:** Dufyisms and Bonnardisms do not help these unfortunately framed pastel intricacies of mostly vegetal derivation to find themselves. (Zabiskie, Jan. 6-25.) . . . **Harry Hering:** In his sixteenth show, Mr. Hering begins a new involvement as his heavily sculptured, coral-like canvases, with their paint intermixed with gravel, grow abstract and increasingly textured, occasionally reminding one (cf. the pleasing still life *Turquoise and Pink*) of Jeanne Reynal's mosaics. (Roosevelt Field Art Center, Jan. 18-31.) . . . **Paterson Ewen:** An unresolved

spatial conflict (the open vs. the closed) makes for a disquieting unevenness in this talented Canadian's colorful, vigorously attacked abstractions. (Parma, Jan. 13-Feb. 1.) . . . **Mary Maisel:** The artist presents ingratiating but limited oils of self-absorbed women and children which suffer most from a timid compositional sense and an overly restrained palette. (Pietrantonio, Jan. 1-15.) . . . **Leonid:** Moderately translucent and tastefully composed, these somber canvases of Oriental scenes are suitably subtle, but unrewarding. (Durlacher, Dec. 30-Jan. 25.) . . . **Seymour Remenick:** This ex-Hofmann student, who abruptly turned from New York and its *soi-disant* school, continues to work at nineteenth-century paintings of the Philadelphia landscape, turning it into flat, neutral scenes which might have been manufactured by an academic at Gloucester, Liverpool, Antwerp or Bruges. (Davis, Jan. 3-25.)—R.W.D.

Georgine Tegtmeyer: Traditional but warm paintings by a German-born citizen of New Jersey present in her first show such subjects as barns, forests, sea flowers. (Regional Arts, Jan. 13-25.) . . . **Iliana Linardos:** Self-taught, a former Metropolitan Opera dancer, Miss Linardos shows paintings of Greek subjects, executed with a sense of order but lacking linear sophistication. (Crespi, Dec. 9-21.) . . . **Herman Rowan:** In these attractive oils, a veiny flower-like pattern in black or white freely segments or makes consistent backgrounds of color that are pearly, luminous or smoldering. (Crespi, Jan. 20-Feb. 15.) . . . **Herman Morton:** A mist of drip or stipple or impasto veils in mingled blues, yellows and whites various street scenes and studies of buildings, of which the most successful is called *Convento de Cristo Cathedral*. (Crespi, Dec. 16-Jan. 4.)—E.G.

Albert Alealay: These little sketches in colored pencil and in gouache are unusually dynamic, marked by suggestions of architectural forms. While some are rather flowery (though abstract) illuminations on parchment, the more impressive sketches suggest a much larger scale, and panoramic spaces. (Wittenborn, Jan. 20-Feb. 1.) . . . **Miani and Straus:** Gaetano Miani (who grew up in Italy) and Agi Straus (who was born in Vienna) both work in Brazil in many media, and in a joint exhibition reveal a strong command of designing areas in terms of horses, figures, ships. Their most striking effects, however, are in enamels: Miani's colors and Straus's figures of children. (Galerie de Braux, Nov. 26-Dec. 15.) . . . **Charles Csuri:** A black darting stroke is the basic image, a nervous now-you-see-it-now-you-don't based on the natural world, conjuring up cities and harbors and, most effectively of all, a herd of horses with enough color variation to be suggestive of the subject. (Salpeter, Jan. 6-25.) . . . **Eriksson:** With a flamboyant technique of carefully applied swatches in bright colors, this young German painter renders cities, figures and horses with very similar dynamics, including traits of imagery derivative of Chagall, and occasionally interesting forms. (Hirschl & Adler, Nov. 18-Dec. 7.) . . . **Aubrey Schwartz:** Ink sketches of birds, most of them predatory and sardonic, are considerably fresher than the lithographs of the same subjects, in which the characterization is frozen in heavy black outlines. (Gallery G, Jan. 3-24.) . . . **Emanie Arling:** Various flat-color studies of flowers, in vases, sometimes on a table, sometimes not, emphasize a decorative silhouette. (Zodiac, Nov. 18-Dec. 7.)—S.B.

Richard Frazier: Although these pieces are securely within the traditional bounds of representational sculpture, they have their own particular vitality—the portrait heads through the distinct insistence upon specific character: the nudes through their sleek, lean, sensuous modeling of the figure. (Petite, Jan. 27-Feb. 8.) . . . **Tom Groos:** Interlocking triangular shapes and decorative color arrangements predominate in these meticulously finished oils. (Fleischman, Jan. 2-17.) . . . **Sidney Chafetz:** Large, striking color woodcuts, including some wry character studies of celebrities, among them Edith Sitwell and Milhaud. (Wittenborn, Jan.

6-18.) . . . **Ben-Gerson:** These bright, heavily painted oils represent a rather odd primitive adaptation of an essentially sophisticated Cubist style. (Panoras, Dec. 30-Jan. 11.) . . . **Buzzelli:** The artist shows paintings in enamel that encompass a variety of styles. (Theatre East, Dec. 1-Jan. 3.) . . . **John di Gregorio:** A memorial exhibition of watercolors includes a number of fine and lively landscapes, among the best of them, *Orchard Beach*. (Kottler, Dec. 30-Jan. 11.) . . . **Charles Sorel:** Although technically collages, these decorative still lifes and landscapes are more like paintings simulated in paper; many of them are handsome in their effects, but they are more noteworthy for their demonstration of patience and skill than for their vitality of conception. (Sagittarius, Jan. 4-18.) . . . **Irving Rosensweig:** One hundred drawings and watercolor studies of the nude figure indicate an eye for dramatic stance and gesture equipped with a facile and vigorous hand. (Adam-Ahab, Jan. 15-Feb. 15.) . . . **Constance McMillan and Paul Shimon:** *Reflections on the Sea* is the best of these disciplined oils in the Cubist mode by the former; *Crypt*, the best of the densely figured, subtly structured paintings by the latter. (Panoras, Jan. 27-Feb. 8.) . . . **Three-Man Group:** Sonia Grosvenor contributes a number of well-realized portrait heads in terra cotta; Will Insley, a series of drawings which range from very authoritative delineations of the figure to studies in which the figure disintegrates into nervous, disturbingly energetic line. Alfred Kraemer's oils, particularly *Approaching Storm*, demonstrate a knowledgeable sense of color and form. (Kottler, Dec. 30-Jan. 11.)—J.R.M.

Francis Foster: The constructions and collages shown, though gay and colorful, have a rather cute manner which suggests that they are better suited for advertising than for expressive art. (Artists', Nov. 30-Dec. 19.) . . . **Joe Eula:** The well-known fashion illustrator is exhibiting portrait drawings of women in the New York social and theatrical world. Their sure, rather slick craftsmanship indicates that he is more at home in magazine illustration than in serious painting. (Barone, Dec. 3-21.) . . . **Hugo Marin:** A beautiful group of enamels is being shown by this young Chilean artist; the subjects for the most part are either religious themes or landscapes which recall Rouault in their mood and glowing colors. (De Aenle, Dec. 10-Jan. 4.) . . . **Grethen Seltzer:** A group of landscapes and figure pieces, most of which were painted on the Balearic Islands where the artist lives, are executed in a modified type of Impressionism; they are pleasant enough but reveal no great originality or strength. (Burr, Jan. 19-Feb. 1.)—H.M.

Margaret Layton, Desmond O'Neill: Layton shows pleasant, colorful gouaches of waterfront scenes with a kind of modified Stuart Davis flavor. O'Neill applies Mondrianesque rigidity in the service of a somber, hieratic and occasionally subtle vision of houses in decrepitude. (Petite, Jan. 6-18.) . . . **Jacob Semiatin:** Vigorous jottings of the brush activate watercolors which aim at landscape abbreviations rather than any real experience of thought or mood. (Contemporary Arts, Dec. 27-Jan. 10.) . . . **Helen Lempriere:** Aboriginal ceremonies are enacted by effete, spectralized personages in this irreconcilable meeting of primitive subjects and nostalgic, Neo-Symbolistic form. (Chase, Jan. 20-Feb. 1.) . . . **Edith Pine Bennett:** Pleasant works depict houses under summery vegetation and cottages in mountainous New England-flavored terrain. (Bodley, Jan. 6-18.) . . . **Ann Le Boy:** Decorative monotypes and watercolors of flowers and children reveal a touch of Vuillard and a confessionary tendency. (Bodley, Jan. 20-Feb. 1.) . . . **Millan Wright:** The New York waterfront and the New England coast are rendered with warm coloring and a frank and capable brush, but the prismaticization of objects seems to be an extraneous modernizing device rather than an inherent way of seeing things. (Bodley, Jan. 7-25.) . . . **Alma Schapiro:** Neo-Fauvist coloration works in the service of a nostalgic and brooding vision of the Old South (the Romanicism of artists like Wolf Kahn is evoked), but a tightness of form inhibits a full elaboration of mood. (Bodley, Jan. 27-Feb. 8.)—C.B.

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STUDIO TALK

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Paper Collage and Permanency:

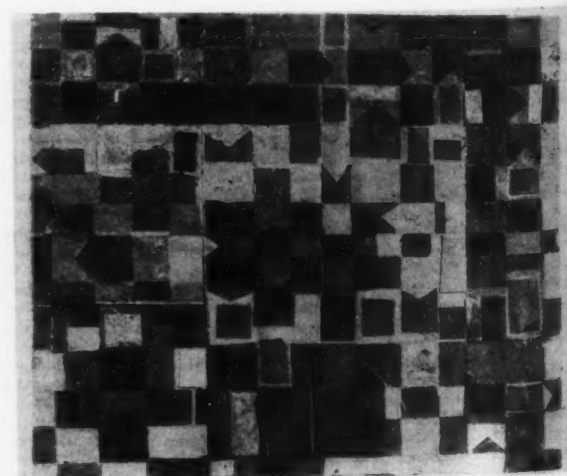
Interview with Irwin Rubin

It is difficult for a painter to investigate the nature of his materials properly, for a thorough technological training would be required to carry out such research today. Perhaps this accounts for the growing neglect of the painter's inherited role as craftsman. True, there are a few excellent technical books, but they are apt to deal with traditional materials or the methods of the old masters rather than with current techniques. For example, a painter working with collage will find little information which will aid him in choosing permanent materials. As a result, an artist involved with a newer visual mode, and with permanency, must do independent research. Irwin Rubin, who has been working with collage (in his case, paper collage) for five years, is one of the few who have made a careful investigation of their materials. The information he has accumulated should prove of value for the many painters working with collage.

Mr. Rubin believes that the early collages by Braque and Picasso were obviously well constructed—for they are still in "good health." By contrast, the Dada-inspired collages, for which permanency admittedly was not considered important, range in physical condition from almost complete destruction to an all-over "patina of time" (to quote a recent collage exhibition catalogue). It was a fear of this "patina of time" which prompted Mr. Rubin's research. He investigated the composition of paper, the processes of its manufacture, the causes of its deterioration. He tested colored papers, and he also experimented with coating and gluing. In a recent interview he recommended specifications for permanent paper which we shall report.

At the outset, Mr. Rubin explained that paper for collage has to withstand aging rather than handling, because it is only in the construction stage that handling may be excessive. To illustrate deterioration he exhibited pages from two newspapers. One was in seemingly perfect condition—*Harpers Weekly*, dated February 4, 1860. By contrast the *New York Times* of October 26, 1954, was stained a pale burnt sienna. To explain the contrast Mr. Rubin listed some causes of deterioration: chemical residues from manufacturing, certain fungi (which cause foxing), addition of mineral matter, and the greatest menace of all—overacidity, which may be caused by faulty removal of residue in the bleaching process.

Irwin Rubin, UNTITLED COLLAGE.



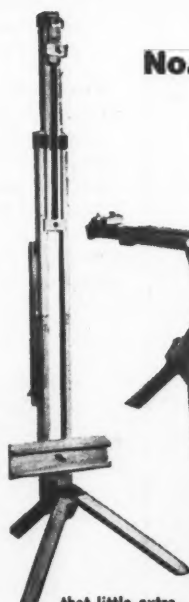
We returned to the two newspapers. *Harpers Weekly* was produced from a rag paper, whereas the *New York Times* was a mechanical wood paper. Rag paper, made from cotton and flax, contains the greatest percentage of pure cellulose; cellulose is one key to permanency. Paper-making materials in order of the amount of cellulose were listed as follows by Mr. Rubin: cotton, flax, mulberry, hemp, esparto, straw and mechanical wood. "Yet," Mr. Rubin added, "aside from the initial considerations of these fibers, the process of its manufacture will ultimately decide its permanence. Even mechanical wood—if properly processed—can produce a durable paper. Whatever material may be used for making paper, certain procedures are generally followed: reducing to fibrous state, bleaching, beating to a pulp with water, and lastly converting the pulp into paper."

At this point we discussed the relative merits of handmade versus machine-made paper. Mr. Rubin explained that the above procedures are the same except that handmade paper is produced sheet by sheet instead of on a continuous web of woven wire. Handmade paper was recommended because it is less likely to have harmful additives and is constructed with equal stress in both horizontal and vertical directions. To distinguish handmade from machine-made paper we were advised to tear the paper in question from all sides rapidly. If it resists more on one side it is machine-made. Or, if wet and pressed between blotting paper, machine-made paper will spread most in one direction. To sum up, Mr. Rubin gave six specifications for the best paper: (1) handmade; (2) 100% rag—new linen, cotton, flax or hemp—undyed and unbleached; (3) no added filler or color; (4) free from starch, rosin, or any added mineral matter; (5) size should be animal gelatin; (6) relatively acid-free. "These criteria may seem extreme," Mr. Rubin stated, "but a collage is only as permanent as its most perishable paper. And weaknesses in paper are often communicable."

We turned next to testing colored paper for light fastness. Mr. Rubin had gathered as many types of colored paper as possible and cut a three-inch square from each. A one-inch square of black photographic paper was placed in the center to protect an area from light. After exposing all the samples to direct sunlight for two weeks and comparing the exposed and protected areas, he felt he had an indication of the degree to which one colored paper will fade in relation to others. The colored papers which best withstood the sunlight test were Color Aid and Color Vue papers. But even these in their brightest colors showed signs of fading. These tests prompted Mr. Rubin to make his own colored papers.

Oil paint can be used on paper for this purpose if the paper is sized with gelatin on both sides. Turpentine, however, was found to contain acids which would damage paper; therefore Mr. Rubin abandoned oil in favor of water-base media. For pasting papers coated with casein and other water-thinned media he employed flour, dextrin and gelatin. The expense of coating vast amounts of paper with durable tube colors prompted him, in turn, to search for an adhesive which could be also used as a coating vehicle (with dry pigments); a medium which could be used for both coating and gluing would save time (and perhaps be sounder technically). Such an adhesive would have to meet many requirements. It should neither discolor nor be subject to mold. It should produce a strong bond and give maximum ease of preparation and handling. Further, it should be fast-drying and have a reasonably low acid content. A medium or glue which meets these requirements is poly(vinylacetate) emulsified. Of all the commercial preparations of this material Mr. Rubin found that Polymer Tempera ("Studio Talk," October, 1956) dried clearest and had a controlled acid content. He has been using it for three years. But his search is continuing; at present he is experimenting with other plastics and with plastic paper.

"These experiments may seem an overconcern with permanence," Mr. Rubin concluded, "but collage for me is not a medium to prepare studies to be carried out in another medium. At present it is my major medium. In order to give it meaning this search was necessary."



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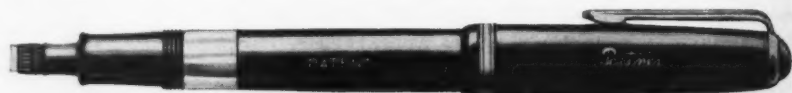
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WHERE TO SHOW

NATIONAL

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

24TH ANNUAL NON-JURY EXHIBITION, Boston Society
of Independent Artists, Mar. 10-23. Open to pro-
fessional artists. Media: painting, sculpture, draw-
ing, prints. Museum purchase awards. Entry
cards and work due Feb. 14. Write: Kathryn
Mason, 111 Beacon St., Boston 16, Mass.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS SOCIETY OF NEW JERSEY
ANNUAL EXHIBITION, Jersey City Museum, Mar.
3-29. Open to all artists in U. S. Jury. Prizes. Fee:
\$5 (\$2 returned if work not accepted). Work
due Feb. 11. Write: Ann Broadman, Secretary,
100-78th St., North Bergen, N. J.

MIAMI, FLORIDA

6TH ANNUAL MIAMI NATIONAL CERAMIC EXHIBITION;
U. of Miami, Coral Gables, Fla.; Mar. 20-Apr.
20. Jury. Selected pieces will be circulated by
Smithsonian Institute. Fee: \$3. Entry cards due
by Feb. 24, work due by Mar. 3. Write: Lowe
Gallery, U. of Miami, Coral Gables, Fla.

MUNCIE, INDIANA

4TH ANNUAL SMALL SCULPTURE AND DRAWING COM-
PETITION, Ball State Teachers College, Mar. 2-30.
Awards. 25% sales commission. Write: Peggy
Brush, Silvermine Guild of Artists, New Canaan,
Conn.

NEW CANAAN, CONNECTICUT

2ND NATIONAL PRINT SHOW, Silvermine Guild of
Artists, Mar. 2-23. Open to printmakers only. Jury.
Awards. 25% sales commission. Write: Peggy
Brush, Silvermine Guild of Artists, New Canaan,
Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

CATHOLIC ARTS SOCIETY ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF RE-
LIGIOUS ART, Burr Gallery, Apr. 13-26. Open to
Catholic artists. All media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3
for members, \$5 for nonmembers. Write: Nicho-
las Swachey, 100-53 207th St., Jamaica 29, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

CITY CENTER GALLERY MONTHLY JURIED EXHIBI-
TIONS. Open to all artists. Medium: oil. Prizes.
Fee: \$3. Write: Ruth Yates, Director, City Center
Gallery, 58 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

21ST LILLIPUTIAN QUARTERLY, Adam-Ahab Gallery,
Mar. 5-31. All painting media. No large paint-
ings. Jury. Awards: 1-, 2-, 3-man & group shows.
Fee: \$1 or \$2 according to size of work. Entrants
must bring own work to gallery by Jan. 30. Hours:
Tu. & Thu., 12-2 & 8-10 p.m. Adam-Ahab Gal-
lery, 72 Thompson St., New York 12, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

MORRIS WINTER GROUP EXHIBITION, Morris Gallery,
Mar. 1-15. Open to all artists. All painting media.
Jury. Awards: one-man shows. Fee: \$3. Work due
Feb. 24. Write: Morris Gallery, 174 Waverly
Place, New York 14, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

133RD ANNUAL EXHIBITION, National Academy of
Design, Feb. 20-Mar. 16. Work in oil and sculp-
ture may be submitted by both members and
nonmembers; watercolors and prints by members
only. Jury. \$11,500 in prizes. No entry fee; no
sales commission. Work due Feb. 6. Write: Na-
tional Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave.,
New York 28, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

NATIONAL SERIGRAPH SOCIETY 19TH ANNUAL INTER-
NATIONAL EXHIBITION, Meltzer Gallery, May 1-31.
Open to all artists. Media: original serigraphs
only. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards due by
Apr. 1. Write: Herdis Bull-Teilman, Secretary-
Registrar, National Serigraph Society, 38 W. 57th
St., New York 19, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN CASEIN 4TH AN-
NUAL, National Arts Club, Feb. 16-Mar. 1. Jury.

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WHERE TO SHOW

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PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

19TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN COLOR PRINT SOCIETY, Print Club, Mar. 7-28. Color prints in any medium. Jury. Fee: \$2.50 for nonmembers. Entry cards and work due by Feb. 17. Write: Katherine McCormick, 300 W. Upsal St., Philadelphia 19, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA SKETCH CLUB EXHIBITION OF ETCHINGS, DRY POINTS AND AQUATINTS, Sketch Club Gallery, Feb. 16-Mar. 1. Open to all artists. Jury. Awards. 25% sales commission. Entry cards due by Jan. 16, work due by Jan. 26. Write: The Etchers, Philadelphia Sketch Club, 235 S. Camac St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

PRINT CLUB 32ND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WOOD ENGRAVING, WOODCUTS AND BLOCK PRINTS, Feb. 8-28. Jury. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$1.25 for nonmembers. Entry cards due by Jan. 15, work due Jan. 21. Write: Print Club, 1614 Latimer St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

25TH ANNUAL, Miniature Painters, Sculptors and Gravers Society of Washington, Smithsonian Institution, May 25-June 13. Jury. Awards. Fee: \$3 for nonmembers; 20% sales commission. Work due by May 17. Write: Eleanor Cox, 4411 Fairfax Road, Route 1, Box 98, McLean, Va.

WICHITA, KANSAS

13TH NATIONAL DECORATIVE ARTS AND CERAMIC EXHIBITION, Wichita Art Association, Apr. 12-May 19. Open to all American artist-craftsmen. Media: textiles, silversmithing, jewelry, metalwork, ceramic or wood sculpture, garden sculpture (metal, marble or ceramic), enamel, mosaic, hand-wrought glass. Jury. \$2,000 in awards. Fee: \$3. Write: Maude G. Schollenberger, 401 N. Belmont Ave., Wichita, Kan.

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DECATUR, ILLINOIS

14TH ANNUAL CENTRAL ILLINOIS EXHIBITION, Decatur Art Center, Feb. 2-Mar. 2, 1958. Open to artists living within 150 miles of Decatur. Media: oil, watercolor. Jury. Prizes. No fee. Entry cards and work due Jan. 15. Write: Jarold Talbot, Director, Decatur Art Center, W. Main at Pine St., Decatur, Ill.

DOUGLSTON, NEW YORK

4TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION for artists 70 years or over, Art League of Long Island, Feb. 16-Mar. 1. Open to artists of Long Island and Greater New York. Media: oil, watercolor, casein, pastel, black-and-white, small sculpture. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due Feb. 8. Write: Louise Gibala, Art League of Long Island, 44-21 Douglaston Parkway, Douglaston, N. Y.

EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

7TH ANNUAL STATE EXHIBITION, Art Centre of the Oranges, Mar. 2-15, 1958. Open to N. J. artists. Media: oil, watercolor. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 per entry (limit of 2). Entry cards due Feb. 12, work due Feb. 15 & 16. Write: James F. White, 115 Halsted St., East Orange, N. J.

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

HUDSON ARTISTS 6TH ANNUAL, Jersey City Museum, Apr. 14-May 3. Open to all Hudson County residents. Media: oil, sculpture, pastel, watercolor, black-and-white. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2 per painting, returnable if work rejected. Work due Apr. 2, 3 & 5. Write: Hudson Artists, Jersey City Museum, 472 Jersey Ave., Jersey City 2, N. J.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

3RD ANNUAL MID-SOUTH EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, Mar. 6-30. Open to artists of Tenn., Ark., Miss. and parts of other states within 250-mile radius of Memphis. Media: oil, watercolor, casein, gouache, pastel, encaustic, mixed media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2 per entry. Entry cards and work due by Feb. 10. Write: Mid-South Exhibition of Paintings, Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, Overton Park, Memphis 12, Tenn.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

MIDWEST ARTISTS EXHIBITION, Joslyn Art Museum, Mar. 27-Apr. 28. Open to artists from Colo., Ia., Kan., Minn., Mo., Nebr., Okla., N. Dak., S. Dak., Wyo. Media: oil, sculpture, pastel, prints, drawing. Jury. Prizes. Write: Don M. Beardsley, Joslyn Art Museum, 2218 Dodge, Omaha, Nebr.

SARASOTA, FLORIDA

ASSOCIATED FLORIDA SCULPTORS ALL-FLORIDA EXHIBITION; Sarasota Art Association, Feb. 16-28. Bradenton Art Center, Mar. 9-21. Open to Florida residents. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2.50 (for up to 3 pieces). Entry cards and work due Feb. 10-12. Write: Mrs. A. E. Allen, 1501 North Drive, Sarasota, Fla.

BOOKS continued from page 15

... Then it speaks quietly, with its own peculiar logic."

The 250 color reproductions in this book are by far the best thing about it. They are very good in themselves, and the majority of the paintings included are reproduced infrequently enough to make the volume worth having on this score alone. The sturdy but ugly binding and format, resembling a world atlas, suggest that the publishers are thinking of public schools and libraries across the land, and there is no doubt that the book is aimed at as much of a mass audience as a work on this subject can hope to reach. Whatever value these pictures may have in themselves, it is more than doubtful if anything seriously called education in art can proceed in the direction taken by Mr. Eliot and the General Staff. Mr. John Walker in his introduction says, in a somewhat grating phrase, that the pictures "are ambassadors of the American way of life." It might be added that the text is an indication of what the American way of life is rapidly in the process of becoming under the guidance of such shepherds as Time.

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BALTIMORE, MD.

WALTERS, to Jan. 12: Early Greek; Chinese Jade

BOSTON, MASS.

DOLL & RICHARDS, to Jan. 18: E. Endicott, E. Kasas
MUSEUM, to Jan. 12: H. Roessler; Jan. 11-Mar. 3: Amer. Prim.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

FOGG, to Jan. 16: Byzantine Figurative; from Jan. 11: Baer Collection

CHICAGO, ILL.

ARTS CLUB, to Jan. 23: Ital. Sclpt. Exhibit "A"; Jan. 5-31: Group

CINCINNATI, OHIO

MUSEUM, Jan. 7-28: Derain

CLEVELAND, OHIO

WISE GALLERY, Jan. 1-19: "6 of Paris"

DALLAS, TEXAS

MUSEUM, Jan. 1-31: Southwestern Annual

DENVER, COLO.

MUSEUM, from Jan. 27: Karolik Col.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS

ART CENTER, Jan. 6-Mar. 2: Iron Horse in Art

GARDEN CITY, L. I., N. Y.

ROOSEVELT FIELD ART CTR., Jan. 18-31: H. Hering

KAGERSTOWN, MD.

WASH. CITY. MUS., Jan. 6-Feb. 7: Korean Art M. Guion portraits

HOUSTON, TEXAS

MUSEUM, Jan. 14-Feb. 16: Guardi

LONDON, ENGLAND

GIMPEL FILS, Cont. Brit., 19th & 20th C. Fr.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

ESTHER ROBLES, to Jan. 18: Grp. Hatfield, Mod. Fr. & Amer.

STENDAH, Pre-Col. & Mod.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

WALKER ART CTR., Jan. 5-Feb. 20: H. Bertola; Jan. 12-Feb. 9: Bourdelle Sclpt.

NEWARK, N. J.

DELAWARE UNIV., Jan.: Buzzelli

NEW YORK, N. Y.

MUSEUMS: AMER. ACAD. (633 W. 155), Jan. 17-Feb. 16: Eakins

BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkwy.), to Jan. 26: Face of America; to Jan. 19: Old Polish Prints

COOPER UNION (Cooper Sq.), Jan. 15-Feb. 18: W. Haseltine

GUGGENHEIM (7 E. 72), to Jan. 19: Mondrian: The Earlier Years

METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), to Jan. 12: Collectors' Choice

MODERN (11 W. 53), to Feb. 23: Arch. of Antoni Gaudi; to Feb. 23: Chagall

PRIMITIVE (15 W. 54), to Feb. 9: Selected Works III

NAT'L ACAD. DESIGN (1083 5th), Jan. 16-Feb. 3: Audubon Artists

RIVERSIDE (310 Riv. Dr. at 103), Jan. 5-26: Soc. Women Artists

WHITNEY (22 W. 54), to Jan. 12: Annual; Jan. 15-Mar. 16: Nature in Abstraction

Galleries:

A.C.A. (63 E. 57), to Jan. 11: J. Solomon; Jan. 13-Feb. 1: S. Carewe

ADAM-AHAB (72 Thompson, Tu., Th. 12-2, 8-10), Jan.: I. Rosenzweig

"100 Nude Portraits"

ALAN (766 Mad. at 66), to Jan. 18: G. Cohen; Jan. 20-Feb. 8: Grp.

ARGENT (236 E. 60), Jan. 5-25: Sclpt.

ART STUDENTS LEAGUE (215 W. 57), Jan. 6-18: Asada

ARTISTS' (851 Lex. at 64), to Jan. 9: Grp.; Storoff; Jan. 11-30: Y. Blumberg

ARTS (62 W. 56), Dec. 27-Jan. 7: 8-Man; Jan. 8-18: Grp.; Jan. 19-29: Grp.

AVANT-GARDE (166 Lex. at 30), to Jan. 18: J. Stapleton

BABCOCK (805 Mad. at 68), Jan. 6-25: F. Fenton

A. & R. BALL (30 W. 54), Old Mstrs.; Impressionists

BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81), Jan. 1-31: Grp.

BODLEY (223 E. 60), Jan. 6-18: E. P. Bennett; Jan. 20-Feb. 1: A. Le Boy; Jan. 7-25: M. Wright; Jan. 27-Feb. 8: A. Schapiro

BORGENICHT (1018 Mad. at 79), Jan. 6-25: Bolotowsky

BRATA (89 E. 10), Jan. 3-23: 5 Man; Jan. 24-Feb. 13: Exchange Show

BURR (115 W. 55), Jan. 5-18: Tamassee Grp.; Grp. 1; Jan. 19-Feb. 1: G. Selzer; Grp. 2

CAMINO (92 E. 10), Jan. 3-23: D. David, F. Weinstein; Jan. 24-Feb. 13: L. P. Smith

CARAVAN (132 E. 65), Jan. 12-31: Prize Show

CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), Jan.: Cont. Eur. Pigs., Sclpt.

CATELLI (4 E. 77), Jan. 13-Feb. 1: J. Johns

CHASE (31 E. 64), Jan. 2-18: Grp.; Jan. 20-Feb. 1: H. Lempriere

COLLECTORS' (49 W. 53), Jan. 5-18: H. G. Witte; Jan. 20-Feb. 1: L. Shore

COMERFORD (55 E. 55), Jan.: Japanese Prints

CONTEMPORARY ARTS (802 Lex. at 62), to Jan. 10: Semiatin; Jan. 13-31: W. Chaiken

CRESPI (232 E. 58), Jan. 21-Feb. 2: H. Rowan

DE AENLE (59 W. 53), Jan. 6-25: Atelier Abstracao; Jan. 27-Feb. 15: Forner

D'ARCY (19 E. 75), Jan. 2-Feb. 1: Relig. Symbols in Prim. Art

DAVIS (231 E. 60), Jan. 3-25: S. Remenick

DEITSCH (51 E. 73), Jan. 7-31: Redon lithos

DELACORTE (822 Mad. at 69), to Jan. 15: 15th C. Kyriale Illuminations

DE NAGY (24 E. 67), Jan. 7-25: Frankenthaler

DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), to Jan. 25: Grp. 32nd Annual

DURLACHER (11 E. 57), to Jan. 25: Leonid

DUVEEN (18 E. 79), Jan.: Old Masters

DUVEEN-GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), Jan. 7-25: A. Terris

EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), Jan. 20-Feb. 1: P. Hopkins

EMMERICH (17 E. 64), Jan. 2-31: A. Gottlieb

FINE ARTS (41 E. 57), Jan. 21-Feb. 1: Selected Pigs., Drwgs., Prints

FLEISCHMAN (227 E. 10), Jan. 2-17: T. Gruosso; Jan. 19-Feb. 4: J. Goldstone

FRIED (40 E. 68), Jan. 6-Feb. 8: K. Roesch

FURMAN (17 E. 82), Jan.: Pre-Col.

G. GALLERY (200 E. 59), Jan. 3-24: A. Schwartz

GALERIE ST. ETIENNE (46 W. 57), Jan. 14-Feb. 15: Early Amer. Primitives

GALLERY 58 (326 E. 58), Jan.: Grp.

GALLERY 75 (30 E. 75), Jan. 6-Feb. 1: Mucha

GRAND CENTRAL (15 Vand. at 42), Jan. 7-18: Lola Frantz; Jan. 14-25: Emil Carlsen

GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Mad. at 79), Jan. 4-23: L. Nevelson; Jan. 25-Feb. 6: D. Ellis

HANSA (210 Cent. Pk. So.), Jan. 6-25: J. Muller

HARTERT GALLERIES (22 E. 58), Jan.: Amer. & Fr.

HELLER (63 E. 57), to Jan. 4: E. A. Clark; Jan. 7-25: Calif. Ptrs.

HEWITT (29 E. 65), Jan. 2-23: R. Bliss

IOLAS (123 E. 55), Jan. 6-25: Osborne

JACKSON (32 E. 69), Jan. 2-25: J. Hultberg

JAMES (70 E. 12), Jan. 10-30: A. Most

JANIS (15 E. 57), to Jan. 25: New. Fr. Acq.

JUSTER (154 E. 79), to Jan. 11: Grp.; Jan. 13-Feb. 1: H. Edion

KLEEMANN (11 E. 68), Jan. 4-31: E. Nolde

KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), to Jan. 10: Niarchos Collection; Jan. 21-Feb.: Wadsworth Atheneum Loan

KOOTZ (1018 Mad. at 79), Jan. 7-25: H. Hofmann

KOTTLER (3 E. 65), to Jan. 11: J. Di Gregorio; to Jan. 11: 3 Man; Jan. 13-25: A. Gange

KRASNER (1061 Mad.), Jan. 6-28: T. Ochikubo

KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80), Jan. 6-25: U. Wilke

LILLIPUT HOUSE (231½ Elizabeth St. By Appt.), Jan.: Adam-Ahab "Extras"

LITTLE STUDIO (673 Mad. at 61), Jan. 4-11: A. Bare; Jan. 15-29: Fabert-Himbert

MADISON SQ. GARDEN (8th at 49), Jan. 17-26: Art U. S. A. '58

MARCH (95 E. 10), Jan. 3-23: 4-Man

MATISSE (41 E. 57), Jan. 7-26: Du-buffet

MELTZER (38 W. 57), Jan. 7-Feb. 1: C. Nangeroni

MI CHOU (36 W. 56), Jan. 7-25: Chi Pai-Shih

MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), Jan. 1-25: F. Nagler

MILCH (21 E. 67), Jan.: Rec. Pigs.

MILLS COLLEGE (66 5th Ave.), Jan. 10-Feb. 7: Vazruska

MORRIS (174 Waverly Pl.), Jan. 6-18: Grp.; Jan. 20-Feb. 1: E. Bottorf

NEW ART CENTER (1193 Lex. at 81), Jan. 1-31: L. Feininger

NEW GALLERY (601 Mad. at 57), Jan. 1-31: Rec. Acq.

NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), Jan.: Old Masters & 18th C. Fr. & Brit.

NONAGON (99 2nd at 6), Jan. 6-31: N. Abravanel

PANORAS (62 W. 56), to Jan. 11: Ben-Gerson; Jan. 13-25: E. O. Mondorf; Jan. 27-Feb. 8: C. McMillan, P. Shimon

PARMA (1111 Lex. at 77), Jan. 13-Feb. 1: P. Ewen

PARSONS (15 E. 57), Jan. 6-25: B. Margo

PASSEDOIT (121 E. 57), Jan. 6-Feb. 1: P. Blanc

PERIDOT (820 Mad. at 68), Jan. 13-Feb. 8: A. Elias

PERLS (1016 Mad. at 78), Jan. 1-Feb. 8: Leger & Schl. of Paris

PETITE (718 Mad. at 64), Jan. 13-25: M. Layton, D. O'Neill

PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), Jan. 1-15: Maisel; Jan. 16-30: 5-Man Show

POINDEXTER (21 W. 56), Jan. 6-25: F. Ruvalo

PYRAMID (4 St. Marks Pl.), Dec. 22-Feb. 1: Drwgs.

RAYMOND & RAYMOND (54 E. 53), Jan. 8-22: Yanagita

REGIONAL ARTS (139 E. 47), Jan. 13-25: G. Tagtmeir

REHN (683 5th at 54), Jan. 6-25: G. Powers

ROERICH (319 W. 107), Jan. 12-Feb. 16: B. Yeaton, C. Morey

ROKO (925 Mad. at 74), Jan. 6-30: B. Rosenquit

ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), to Jan. 11: H. Fraser; Jan. 13-Feb. 1: 19th & 20th C. Fr.

SAGITTARIUS (46 E. 57), Jan. 4-18: C. Sorel

SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), Jan.: 15 Modern Masters

SALPETER (42 E. 57), Jan. 6-25: C. Csuri

B. SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), to Jan. 18: G. Green

SCHAEFFER (983 Park at 83), Jan.: Old Masters

SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), Jan.: Mod. Fr. Pigs.

SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), Jan.: Afr. Sclpt.

SELIGMANN (5 E. 57), Jan. 13-Feb. 1: Cont. Amer.

SILBERMAN (1014 Mad. at 78), Jan.: Old Masters, Mod. Pigs.

STABLE (924 7th at 58), Jan. 7-25: G. Bertrand

SUDAMERICANA (866 Lex. at 65), Jan. 6-25: Latin-Amer. Grp.

TANAGER (90 E. 10), to Jan. 16: Burckhardt; Jan. 17-Feb. 16: H. Cherry

TERRAIN (20 W. 16), to Jan. 11: "Personal-Impersonal"; Jan. 12-Feb. 15: 3-Man

THE CONTEMPORARIES (992 Mad. at 77), Macri

TOZZI (32 E. 57), Jan.: Medieval Art

UPTOWN (1311 Mad. at 79), Jan. 7-Feb. 14: Cont. Fr. & Amer.

VAN DIEMEN-LILIENFELD (21 E. 57), Jan.: Fr. Moderns

VIVIANO (42 E. 57), Jan. 6-Feb. 1: B. Rosenthal

WALKER (117 E. 57), Jan.: Amer. & Eur. Selections

WASH. IRVING (49 Irving Pl.), Jan. 6-25: S. Radulovic

WEYHE (794 Lex. at 61), to Jan. 26: Salerno

WHITE (42 E. 57), Jan. 13-Feb. 1: M. Sloane

WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), to Jan. 18: P. Annigoni

WILLARD (23 W. 56), Jan. 6-Feb. 1: Sato

WITTENBORN (1018 Mad. at 79), Jan. 6-18: S. Chafetz; Jan. 20-Feb. 1: A. Alcalay

WORLD HOUSE: (987 Mad. at 77), to Jan. 25: Annual

ZABRISKIE (32 E. 65), to Jan. 11: Amer. Collage; Jan. 6-25: H. Janis; Jan. 13-Feb. 1: S. Fromboluti

PARIS, FRANCE

CLERT, Jan. 15-Feb. 5: Bro

CORDIER, Cont. Grp.

GALERIE DE L'INSTITUT, to Feb. 1: Hiler

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ART ALLIANCE, Jan. 16-Feb. 9: La

Chaise; C. Koppelman

MACK, Jan.: R. Reynolds, w'cols.

MUSEUM, Jan. 8-Feb. 23: Picasso

PITTSBURGH, PA.

CARNEGIE, Jan.: Whistler etchings

HEWLETT, Jan. 6-24: S. Rosenberg; R. Cochran

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

R. I. SCHL. OF DESIGN: Jan. 10-Feb. 9: H. Bloom

ST. LOUIS, MO.

MUSEUM, Jan. 8-24: Cont. German

SEATTLE, WASH.

MUSEUM, Jan. 16-Feb. 9: Color Prints; Pacific Coast Biennial

TORONTO, CANADA

MUSEUM, Jan. 14-Mar. 10: Eng. Silver

WASHINGTON, D.C.

GRES, Jan. 7-27: A. Walinska

WORCESTER, MASS.

MUSEUM, to Jan. 26: B. Schiwetz

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